

Burned Med History

Monday, Nov. 16, 1942

Rain and sun - Rain and sun! Soly sombra! The rainy season lingers but the rains are gradually growing less and less.

Forty five cases arrived from Cabanatuan 3 days ago, Pellagras, Beri Beri, and many severe corneal ulcers, many of whom will lose their eyesight. Xerophthalmia. Vitamin A deficiency. One case died yesterday. A malaria complicated his and deficiency disease. They were in poor general condition and all lousy. A pallet on the floor, delousing, and treatment made them feel considerably better. The trip down by boxcar, locked up for hours with their own feces and urine was not pleasant.

The twenty malaria cases which the Japanese took to their own hospital for study and treatment returned yesterday. One died it will be remembered. The 19 look splendid and all have gained much wt. and report excellent care and treatment. They report that in addition to their medicine they were fed meat, good soup, good vegetables, fruits, orange juice etc. Milk and in between meal feedings. There was a ward next to them filled with Jap malaria cases and as the Americans passed thru they Japs would give them cigarettes and anything they wanted for the asking. They were taken for a walk each afternoon in the park. No wonder they improved. They were receiving decent treatment. Sartin has had a menu prepared from their report and is suggesting to Dr. Nogi that we be permitted enough to treat our cases as well here in Bilibid. No further proof is needed as to the hopelessness of our efforts to restore heal our American patients unless proper food is forthcoming.

This morning we were visited and inspected by the Japanese Military Police. The Gestapo were in civilian clothes and made a tour of the Reservation. Every new visiting group always asks the same question: "Where were these men wounded?" The usual answer—"Bataan and Corregidor." Sartin has been notified that tomorrow he and Joses are "to talk to several people on lots of things." That can mean anything. We shall see.

About 800 Filipinos from arrived today. They are housed in the upper compound and Americans are ordered to stay away from them. No talking to them allowed. There are some sick among them and we have asked permission to treat them. It has been granted but still, -- no talk with them. The incommunicado theme predominates. The squeeze.

Spanish has become unusually popular. My class has now grown to 7. Now having one session at 12:30, another at 4 and Warren still comes in at night. Dr. Nogi has promised me a black board. With a black board I can really go to town with that crowd.

Hay recibio diuero por unaageucia y lo necessito mucho. Still no ha alvido nunca. Veinte pesos es como alguno de cielo. Elmoda frie olvido nunca. Veinte pesos es como alguno de cielo.
Elmoda frie y nvevo. Puedo dependerle a sella. Jugaudo el jueso conservatinamente que es el .

At about sundown tonight about 40 prisoners arrived from Corregidor. Among them are four of my 4th Reg. Hospital Corpsmen. I have talked to two of them but only cursorily and I am interviewing them in the morning. They look well and in good condition and report that they have been doing very well and considering all reports they have heard of this place were

loathe to leave Corregidor. We are trying to keep the corpsmen with us. The group is destined for Cabanatuan.

Quite a big fire in the City yesterday about 3 p.m. Much black smoke, looked like an oil fire. Over San Miguel Brewery way. The interesting thing about it, it came immediately after a det in that direction.

Lately, the news which has filtered in and which can be very well checked as reasonably sound is much more encouraging in the European Theatre of the war. The Japanese press can also be noted as ex a different tone and between its lines can be detected evidence of things not as satisfactory in the Axis camp.

The pay question bobbed up again today when the Japanese asked for a list of Med. Dept. troops "who have red cross brazz not home made." They want proof of the right to the Brazzard. Our Corregidor group are O.K. as we have numbers on our brazzards as listed with Geneva. Also have affidavits of issue. Also have service records and health discription sheets on all our men of the 4th Regiment. The Canacao group do not have such but I imagine Sartin will be allowed to certify them. The latest evidence seems to indicate that the pay scale is considerably bawled up. A chief or a Sgt draws as much or more than officers up to Captain (Army). They are deducting 60 P's a month for our chow. They make plenty dough on that. If I eat 5 lbs. of rice a week I'm doing well. If I have eaten or had the benefit of as much as 5 lbs. of meat in the entire time I've been here I'm badly fooled. 60 P's is a lot of dough for the 5 bucks I've cost them. However, the best policy as I see it is to take whatever you get and be dam glad to get it.

Hot and sultry tonight. It seems to get that way each night, and

then thunders and lightens a while sometimes a steamy rain. Close and heavy, and not enough air. A lousy climate anyway you take it.

Thursday, Nov. 19/42

Overcast, sultry--about to rain. On last Tuesday, Japanese representatives of the 4th estate paid us a visit, and went thru the establishment. Had its points of interest. In walking around each of us would acc one of them and of course there was talk. One of them was apparently very familiar with the west coast of the U.S., spoke excellent English. They were unquestionably fresh down here from Japan. Among the items of interest, the well speaking one remarked that he had recently seen Capt. Hoeffel but was not permitted to say where he was. (Formosa, Japan, or one of the nearby Islands in the Jap archipelago). The newsman states he has always liked the Americans but can't say as much for the British. He recently interviewed the British Commanding Generals of Hong Kong and Singapore and found them "very snobbish." Remarked that, knowing the American people as he does, he couldn't understand all the stories reported by the returning Japanese to Tokeyo by exchange ship, as to the foul treatment they had received at the hand of the Americans. Of course, we couldn't understand it either. And still don't. An attempt was made to get over the usual propoganda by remarking that Tokyo had issued another comm today--naturally we asked of what. The answer was given in an offhand, as tho bored at hearing just another routine report, " Big victory for Japan down South!" One night have thought Japan had Big Naval Victories every day, nothing to it--zip zip! Routine. We were then offered the news of "Great doings in Africa! Germans have pushed

right thru free France! Right on over into Africa etc.! A little matter of Mediterranean didn't seem to mean anything to our news commentator, and as for pushing thru Free France, just what that amounted to we never could figure. An unarmed people certainly couldn't be expected to offer any resistance. We could agree with him on one point-- Big Doings in Africa, but under other circumstances we may have been obliged to remark "That ain't the way we heard it, Charlie." Our information of late seems to put the African situation entirely in our hands at the moment and our full pressure not even yet applied. I think that the logical assumption after the conversation of the morning is that, the propoganda bureau for once was completely devoid of anything that could be embellished. A dearth of material for twisting. I have seen our own propoganda departments labor under the same conditions. It certainly is a sad situation. I don't believe there is anything sorrier than a balloon with no wind in it. That is one thing about propoganda, when you havn't really got something to develop convincingly, better say nothing. Its a risk--and s and sorry and stinks. Poor propoganda is worse than no propoganda. But the 4th Estate did its best for the cause. They reported Dewey having been elected Governor of N.Y. (Republican) and the Republicans gaining half the seats in Congress in the recent elections. They have been playing this very strongly out here as evidence of the country's disapproval of the present "war party," Roosevelt etc. They do not grasp our political set up at all. They attach attributes to our "party system" which are comparable to "parties" in other countries, and therefore evaluate elections out of all proportion regarding their importance. This news commentator, or representative of the Press, tells us Dewey will be the next President. When asked about

Wilkie he reports that Wilkie is now "in the dog house" with Roosevelt because of a speech he made. He is probably referring to Wilkie's recent remark about the Administration talking too much of our Production and shipping too dam little to where it will do the most good. Our reporter's further comment was to the effect that Wilkie wasn't a politician anyhow but a "business man." Our narrator also expressed his belief that "this was to be a long war." This press group were "the people Sartin was to tell lots of things to." After going thru the place they asked a few general questions and suddenly terminated the interview. They weren't getting "a story" and the interview was not productive. Sartin isn't a talker. A quiet courteous reserve is a hard nut to crack by the gentlemen of the Press. Finally, they permitted Sartin and Joses to send messages home, and several others were sent for and asked if they wanted to do the same. I heard later that commendatory and laudatory remarks were expected in the messages but in Sartin's, Joses' and one other case, I know that such was not necessary. There were probably some such instances. It's a good racket and well worth putting over when you can. Todes las casas en la guerra!

While on the subject of news, if only half the European news now reaching us is correct, it is encouraging. I also believe that many of the old "die hards" here who have continually awaited the "arrival of the Yanks and the Tanks" from the south are willing to admit now that their future lies in the fortunes of war in Europe, not in the Pacific. And so it does. "The children" however have failed to grasp what a small part of the general war this Philipine Theatre really is. They are learning.

There are reports to the effect that Roosevelt turned down an exchange of prisoners offer. It is a Japanese report and cannot be properly evaluated at this time. There are no details.

Smallpox has appeared among the natives. There was an attempt made to bring a case in here for isolation and treatment. We were able to explain to the Japanese that San Lazaro hospital in Manila was intended for such things. The case was sent there. Practically all of us have been recently vaccinated against smallpox but it is wise to revaccinate everybody. Arrangements have been made to that end.

Tuesday afternoon Nogi made a dummy run inspection in preparation for the "big Inspection" on Wednesday. He always does that and familiarizes himself with the layout. Looks like the usual routine. That evening, Nogi stayed and had dinner with us. It was the first time he ever ate with us when we had anything but the waterlily soup and musty rice they give us. The pesos I recently acquired permitted us to get some pretty good meat thru the merchant who is allowed in occasionally. It was a good meat chow. The hunk I ground over was really like a Roman orgy to me. There was enough for all our mess of 5 and Nogi. But, as the Gov of N.C. said to the Gov. of S.C. - well, its a long time. Nogi has fed us on several occasions and I don't regret the visit at all. Nogi acts under orders but I am convinced he offers understanding up to his limit.

Today I amputated a breast from one of our Corpsmen. Lately we have been an epidemic of swollen breasts with local tenderness. At present we have seven or eight we know of here in the prison.

Every year I spend at a Naval Hospital I always see one or two breast tumors in males and they are frequently malignant, but just why

we should have so many of them suddenly occurring here is difficult to understand. I have checked carefully on them to rule out infestations by Filaria Mediensis, cancerous en in breast, or some conversion between avitaminosis or drugs to combat some which might influence breast physiology. Thiamin, for example. The study has revealed nothing. This one case is the only one I have operated to date. Nogi arranged for me to have the specimen examined at Philipine General.

Our attempts to keep the three corpsmen from Corregidor with us were unsuccessful and they left this morning. However we have been promised they will be returned to us at the earliest opportunity, probably about November 25th. We are expecting more prisoners from Corregidor on about that date. Had a chance to interview them before they got away. They have fared pretty well over on the rock. The boys on H and the outlying rocks not doing as well. All of my force still alive. They reported finding the much desintegrated remains of a Marine Sgt atop the water tower in the East Sector. I happen to know the story about that. The remains were those of Sgt. Sweeney. He & Sgt were on the water tower observing and directing fire during the battle of May 5th-6th. An enemy machine gun nest discovered them and opened up on them. Sweeney was killed. His companion jumped down into the machine gun nest and cleaned it out before they finally did him in.

Yesterday the Inspection by the Senior Medical officer in the Filipinos, (Japanese) took place. A one Col. Ishi, a rather tall, large man for a Jap. With him were several members of his staff, including Maj. Sikaguchi (Major Wickedness). The latter was very much a in the presence of rank. Was quite out of the picture on this inspection.

General Hirormato, Commanding all prisons in the Islands and who inspected here recently, also came along. They spent much of their time in the malnutrition, malaria, avitaminosis wards, among the physical wrecks and ulcerated eyes. Following the inspection, Nogi reports that the Col. was satisfied with conditions and has directed that 100 gms. canned meat be allowed the sickest patients each day. Of course we are glad to get this concession for them but we also reminded Nogi that the minimum recommended in such malnutrition cases is 1500 gms. daily. In addition to a high Vit. well balanced diet. There does not seem to be any conception as to the quantities and amounts of things necessary to do any good. Apparently there is a general and gross infamiliarity with the commonest things, not only in medicine but in general life. Our standards will never approach. Even thru long association it can never be done. East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. This is not a line of poetry. It is a sociological fact, a cosmic law, and both nations for the good of both, should realize it, accept it, and further it rather than fight it. Nogi has also asked for soup formulas for making "a good soup for the sick." The offer is made without the slightest conception of its piecemeal character. Or is it? After all, and as we know, and as we reminded him, they have excellent food at the Japanese hospitals.

I was instructed by Nogi to let him know what was needed for the operating room--again. So, once more, I started from scratch to request screening against flies and bugs and giving drawings and specifications. I was given to understand that the inspecting party were inclined to do something about it.

While standing out by the front building waiting for the arrival of the inspecting party, I could look out into the street. Across the street a small gathering of Filipinos were collected and in various subtle ways they made gestures of greeting and good will. I also noted the new installation of wire about the entire compound, four strands of heavy wire running thru the barbed wire. It was strung for the purpose of charging it with electricity. After they got it all strung they cut in the regular current and there wasn't enough power in it to harm a pissant. Then they got the idea of cutting the 2300 stuff into it. The only trouble with that is, there is a big doubt among our electricians if the wire will take it.

Along the old trail comes the word that a destroyer comes in to the Port area with about 100 dripping wet Japs on deck, dressed only in scivies and sword. (They wouldn't even go overboard without that sword). It is believed they are the survivors of a sinking in the nearby waters.

Spanish class continues in a big way. Having two classes daily and have eight attending regularly. Progress O.K. but there is one hell of a difference between tailoring and class work. The greatest difficulty in teaching Americans a foreign language is teaching them English first. It always astonishes me how little English is known by the average American of the College class.

Sunday November 22/42

The rains continue to hang on. Hardly any sun for a week. On Friday last, I got my "chop," the carved wooden stamp with my initials carved on it "He tu," the last one first, of course. They take the

first two letters of your last and first names (provided it doesn't end in a consonant, and then they add any old vowel for it must end in a vowel) and that's how they write your name. Mine looks like this and it is pronounced "Hay Two" (our HA & TO). The entire "chop" looks like a lipstick (the stamp and is reddened by the ink pad) and there is a notch in the wood to show which is the top. This is important as Japanese characters are written and read vertically not horizontally, but you have to read them from the top down. This chop is what you have to sign the payroll with. And we are told that "the money you don't get will be put in postal savings and in order to get it out someday you will need this stamp so don't lose it." Just another souvenir as I see it to date.

Spent most of Friday morning writing a letter to the Japanese. With all this talk about paying us, giving us extra food etc., we were given orders that no fires nor hot plates at all are to be used. Its like filling a galley with all kinds of food and no way to cook it. In my letter I explained how these little outside fires had served to cook mongo beans and such practices had been of inestimable value in the prevention and cure of the ~~in~~ and food deficiency diseases. I pointed out the economy of wood in the method we asked for. I showed the hundreds the procedure served, the impossibility of the regular kitchen doing it. I cited the futility of using drugs without permitting our supplementary cooking. Nogi came in about noon. After hearing and reading the letter he stated that there were three reasons why the extra fires could not be allowed. First: Against Japanese army regulations. Second: No fire wood. Third: Danger of fires. I explained to him that all three of these objections were answered.

Seeing I was losing out I asked that he take the letter, read it over, think about it, before answering. He agreed. Yesterday he gave permission to light off the fires in places we designated. He assured us he had given orders to his man Kito that it would be alright. Today however, Kito throws another monkey wrench into the machinery. Kito was to look over these designated areas before we gave the word. Today Kito was "too busy to do any looking over." Tonight, we have permission to light off one fire. We are hoping to have Nogis complete concession in operation tomorrow.

The general news continues good as it comes to us. Evaluation of information now depends chiefly on repeated reports from different sources and the jibe up with Axis news of the day. On the whole, the favorable news from Europe and also from the southwest Pacific smacks very strongly of authenticity. Among the later local news reports reaching me is the report of the torpedoing of a ship which left here recently and sunk with a loss of 1,500 Japs. This occurred about 15 off the bay entrance. It explains the 100 or so survivors which were brought in on a destroyer last week. No large ships have left the harbor since.

Spanish class goes on. Eight students, two periods daily. Progress O.K.

Yesterday we received from the Port Area, the first case of Blackwater Fever I have seen during the entire campaign. He was recently from Cabanatuan. The case died tonight. We are doing a post mortem. I have not only not seen any other case but I have not heard from any area any reports of that disease in spite of the preponderance of malaria thruout the area.

Worked some more on my biographies today and have now compiled most of the statistical report of our medical forces for the campaign. The report takes form.

We have here among us a one Weisblatt, known as "U.P." He is supposed to be a news correspondent but it looks very much as tho the chappy assumes a lot in calling himself "a U.P. correspondent." When I arrived here he was already here with a healed femur fracture and walking with a decided limp. I was asked to look at him and noted that while he did have a malunion it did not require all of his crutch and limp act. He broke his leg in a fall and the Japanese took him into their hospital and from Army officers who were also there as prisoner wounded we learn that he was given every attention but was uncooperative and demanded and his present state due chiefly to his own dam bullheadedness. He is an anti everybody, an ignorant bastard. (like most news men I've met in recent years). I have refused to do anything with his leg in spite of his insistence on operation. There is no emergency about it, it is not as disabling as he pretends, he is a civilian, and he is a son of a bitch. However, he does have a hernia and one that needs operating and regardless of how I feel about him, Aesculapeus would operate him so I will. It has been necessary to discipline this poor bastard on several occasions who repeatedly gets the idea he is above disciplining me. Great user of such expressions as "They can't do that to me," "I'll take it to the American People" etc.

This character, German-Jew, has a very "fine little wife." I ran across her at Fort Mills and in Bataan. She had been dietician at Hospital #2 in Bataan and later dietician at the Sta. Hosp. at Fort Mills and

carried on splendidly during the entire campaign. I understand she married him up in Shanghai. She is a gentile I am sure. Just how that little woman could tolerate that disgusting, ignorant, scum is difficult for anyone to understand unless--well, unless there is that element of "all for a cause." Weissblatt is originally from the Pa. German Country (and she is also). His fourteen years out here in the East I am reasonably familiar with. Their background beyond that I do not know. I trust that whoever has that pigeon, does know. It could be interesting. One must be f if one's life has been such as to make one suspicious of even his own mother and father.

Last night, the boys gave their second entertainment. It was amusing and the crowd enjoyed it. Nogi and several other officers and interpreters came. Lasted about an hour, most of it in a semi drizzle which worked into a small downpour by the end.

Saturday Nov. 28/42

Funny thing about nostalgia--a whiff of a stray breeze, a remembered fragrance, a sunset color, or a haunting melody, and suddenly you realize with a queer tug at your heart strings that you are missing something, or someone--that or whom you don't have. And that speaks a volume and on this late hot sultry Saturday afternoon in the old cell block at Bilibid, we won't talk about that anymore.

Practically a week has passed since the last entry. The week has brought its usual round of problems, and there has been evidence of tighter squeeze with us in the fight. We finally got permission to light off cooking fires in designated areas only to have the Japs deny us wood. First, we could have extra food if we bought it--and no fire to cook it.

Then we could have fire--but no wood. Finally settled down to letting us use the fires as long as the scrap wood around the compound holds out--but none off the regular wood pile. Of course, that means the boys are going to tear the dam buildings apart and chop down the few scattered trees sooner or later. We already had permission to use a few hot plates but we had to argue like hell to keep them yesterday. We think we have that ironed out--temporarily.

Some time ago, following an escape from here, the Japs were not satisfied with outside bongo assembly and counting. They just didn't seem to be able to count us correctly that way. So they instituted the system of coming around and counting us night and morning in our quarters. An armed guard came along but one of our warrants, acting as wardens, always did the counting, and everything has been expeditiously and correctly carried out by that method. However, during the past week, somebody down at Jap headquarters puts out a book on how everything is to be done and now here we are back again to the old system of everybody milling around in the yard before daylight in the morning and after dark at night, some 1,500 of us, and the Japs trying to count us. They never get the correct figure and we are counted and recounted and in the meanwhile, the buildings have to be counted also. It is a matter of an hour or more. We have known longer periods in the past. There is always something wrong with the count. So here we are, right back where we started from.

More prisoners and corpsmen in from Corregidor in the past week. Have interviewed them. This bunch is from Fort H (Ceballo Island).

They have fared pretty well and are in good condition. We are trying to hold them here as usual. Do not know yet if we can.

Another group of prisoners arrived from Paloman, among them, Lt. Jenson (Navy). Several of them quite sick with beri beri and Pellagra. We turned in four of them on the sick list, including Jenson, and then, after 2 days the Japs round them all up, including the sick and place them in solitary confinement. It seems they were sent back here as a result of the theft of some corn beef down there in Palawan. Understand there was a Jap investigation down there which didn't reveal much but several of the party had already been severely punished before they left down there. This morning after three days on rice balls and suet in solitary confinement, they took them down to headquarters for questioning this morning and four of them (including Jenson) were turned loose. It was Jenson's wife who took notes to the states for me when she made her get away by submarine just two days before the surrender. She is a trustworthy customer and if she got thru I am sure my mail did.

Payday came during the past week. One had to laugh a little in spite of its tragedy. We were at it all day and it seemed an endless and slow procedure. The money, is of course, the usual "Bayonet money," turned out by the press on a paper, without serial number and represents nothing significant in the way of backing. According to International agreement an officer draws the pay of his corresponding rank in the captor's service. The arrangement in my case, for example, is like this:

Due monthly 220. P (\$110)

Deducted for keep 60 P (\$30)

160 P

Allowed .P 25 cash 25

135 P

This total placed in Jap Postal Savings and I am to get it "when I go home." We were paid for 3 mos. back, but only allowed 25P for my rank (Comdi or LtCol.). The rest on deposit. Everybody below a Lt.Com. allowed to keep only 20P a month. The pay scale is so bowled up as they have it that pvt's and low petty officers do better than Junior officers. Moreover, none of us ever expect to see any of this deposited money for when this war is over. Lord knows that paper is no value. The lower ranks and grades get more cash than higher grades because they have none withheld and consequently are winners. When you stop to consider how this paying is done you can readily see how you can take about 700 P and pay the entire prison. You get in line 1, and get paid. You step into line 2 and deposit all but 25P. Desk #2 hands money to desk one and he pays it over and over. Simple. As a matter of fact it wasn't necessary to do it as crudely as that. There were packs and packs of this printed paper available. If I can keep 25P coming each mo. I can eat (as long as they will let me buy stuff.) and make out indefinitely. But food is dam high and scarce everywhere in the Islands. As an example, a toothbrush costs P1.50. Corned beef P1.75 a small tin. Mongo beans 50 Centaros a canteen cup, and that is the poor man's food of the Islands. You could buy that amount for 5 or 10¢ once. Papay a can be gotten at about 50 Centavos. Use to be 5 & 10. Everything in proportion.

Everybody who drew money is giving 10% to a fund to help those who are not on the pay roll and to keep the sick and needy. This is

a necessary thing to save life. They cannot subsist live, get well on what we get from the Japanese. I am on the Board to collect and expend this money for the prisoners.

Received a report on the breast tissue I removed recently. A benign fetal fibro adenoma. The other cases have subsided as far as acute symptoms are concerned but the masses remain. The great number of them occurring simultaneously remains unexplained to date.

During this week, dis and found the soft tissue heavily in by the Philipine General was horribly inadequate. The case will surely die soon. Did a hernia repair during the week, the first of a series we have lined up on a waiting list. I got tired waiting for the fly protection they kept promising but never gave. Case doing O.K. We will continue without the dam screening.

Kusimoto returned from Japan. Came out to visit, left cigarettes for us. He is interested in the old Pasay crowd.

Spanish classes continue. Have 8 students and still running two class periods daily and progress satisfactory--now that I have gotten over a couple of sessions on English grammar.

Nogi came back from Cabanatuan two days ago with the news that Warren Wilson is to go up there. They need an eye man up there to work on the Keroph cases. Hate like hell to see him go. Have been thru the entire war with him and our association has been most pleasant. He is one of the few officers I have met who has had something to offer me in the way of companion and less a bromide then the general run. He has a fine mind, a good cultural training, a not really good background and his psychology is a . And he is a worker, and to my mind was the outstanding the Army produced at Corregidor. He is a good

officer and professionally 100%. I will miss him very much. He is one of the few contacts I have made in this war that I hope to maintain in Peace.

The general war news of the past week would be in our favor. There has been very little new stuff, but much confirmation data of information previously obtained.

Thanksgiving day came and passed, identified as Thurs. Nov. 26/42. I presume Mr. Roosevelt was too busy to mess up the calendar this year. I hope everybody at home had Turkey.

We still have occassional showers but the wet season, as such, has definitely broken. In another week we will be in real dry weather, and for a while should have reasonably cool weather.

Ona cuento de impisioner trab en la co a Cab -carne
mel a arrivado--tienen que servirle--les Noto que no debeu co
romp la broza con hierro.

Conditions at Cabanatuan are reported as still very bad. At least 10 deaths daily on an average. Diphtheria has broken out in alarming numbers. 750,000 units of antitoxin already used and a million more needed, Xeroph increasing daily, thousands of malarias, beri beri, pellagra and scurvy still occurring, 500 dysenteries with new cases developing. All this in a camp of 7,000 prisoners. The death rate will probably rise this month. We are getting an occassional diphtheria here now. We isolate severely as early as any suspicious signs appear and give antitoxin immediately even tho smear is negative. Diphtheria abroad in this congested hole would us all in less time than it would take to tell about.

We have gotten rid of our Chinese cooks. They are to be released soon anyhow. - Prisoner cooks--Army and Navy now working in the galley. There is a decided improvement. The Chinese were a lousy re crowd from the time of the surrender. They are Asiatics. The Japanese have done much to convince them they should be against us--not with us. However, were before any Japanese contact was possible, immediately after the fall of Corregidor, the Chinese became arrogant and rebellious and were plainly in open revolt against the whites. The one thing which characterizes this war is the everyday evidence that it is a race war. An inter racial conflict. Consequently it has the ferociousness, the cruelty, the hatred, the fa of a religious war.

During the past week, we received from the Port area a cast of Blackwater Fever. He came from Cabanatuan recently where he contracted his malaria had been dubbled as with Quinine. This is the first clas of Blackwater Fever I have seen or heard of in the Philipines during this Campaign. The case died after a few days. We autopsed him. Huge spleen, cirrhot liver.

A group of Filipinos () were brought in this week. They are captured Guerillas from up North. We still get reports of the Guerrillas accounting for some 8 or ten Japs daily etc. However, much of the so called Guerrilla warfare still in progress consists of bands of natives more or less practicing wholesale b in the name of patriotism. We had the same experience in 1898 and it went on for years after the war.

Wednesday Dec. 2, 1942

After 6 mo. of living naked I still am not use to flies on my back. They still annoy me. One would think that after "living native" this long one would become oblivious to the mere matter of a half dozen

or more flies scrambling around on your dorsum. Apparently I still retain some vestige of an esthetic sense or something quite occidental and white, an exquisite sensitivity to external impulses that seem to eventually dam the race. As a further example of this esthetism still existing among us, Sartin always takes off his glasses when he eats chow. Then he can't see the worms in the mouldy rice. Not seeing them is the whole solution you can't dodge 'em all.

Our request to retain the Corpsmen from Corregidor was at first approved. However, our four eyed friend, Kito comes back from headquarters and reports the deal off. So on Monday they left for Cabanatuan. It has always been very interesting and (not to mention disturbing) how much weight these Corporals and enlisted men in the Jap Army have over the higher officers. Nogi apparently is a figure head. We can depend on Kito and Kasabi to keep us in difficulties constantly. Hitoji, the little dwarf like interpreter lends very able assistance to them in his stupid way.

Following payday, our Board got under way for its "share the wealth plan." Collected 86 pesos from Army officers, 86 pesos from Navy officers, and 86 from enlisted personnel. The warrants held out and contributed nothing. They prefer to run their own money over there. Of course, it is a voluntary donation (10% of money drawn) being the guide. A few civilians (or two) kicked in. The board gets under way. The indigent and sick will be materially benefited by this additional support of the diet kitchen already established. It is thru that agency the Board intends to work. To dole out cash would be futile. The men wouldn't buy what they need but what they want. To give credit on the store would mean that they would draw grie and trade them for cigarettes. That was the experience in Cabanatuan. Capt. Haines (Army) who has been with

the prisoner group at McKinley returned today. Interesting experience up there. Food poor but the very same the Japs are eating except the Japs get a ration of beer. One night recently, a Jap threw a knife at him--missed. Later, came to Haines quarters and beat him with the ram rod of a rifle. Haines reported it thru the intrepreter to Jap headquarters. The interpreter was bluffed into it by Haines telling him he had been instructed to report any ill treatment of prisoners, and wrote out three copies of a report. The intrepreter then took the matter up with headquarters.

- Haines was called in and headquarters began by reminding Haines that Jap soldiers always spoke the truth and the knife fell off the ledge near Haines etc etc. On another occassion he was sweated out under questioning with such queries as; "What do you think of Pres. Roosevelt?" "Who do you think will win the war?" "Do you think the Philipine Force was a sacrifice group?" "How long have you been here?" "Did you think a war was about to begin when you came?" etc.

In the meanwhile, we were notified yesterday that we were to receive 80 men from McKinley and a draft of 80 was to go from here. Today, this morning, the draft left, and with them went "The Field Marshal." His departure was really a shaughasing by the "front office." He has not really been on the favored list of the Japanese up there for some time. I think he can date his diminished luminosity as a stellar light from his "foregoing incident."

He has not been very active around the front office since that time. The Japs have remarked "He does not do his work" on several occasions. Like all Democrats "Give them enough rope and they will hang themselves. As Tennyson tells us?"

"Hebes were they, who on the seventh day
Flew too high--and free etc., etc."

No matter what any one may advance in his favor, the man is cooked, untrustworthy, characterless--and dumb. The Japs have done for us what I tried to get done for the first two months after my arrival here. The most disgusting and unforgettable miserable fact associated with his regime is the toadying and backslapping and handshaking and condoning of his acts which have marked the conduct of so many of the officers here. They feared him, and they

interests beyond thru deserts--or hoped to.

Again to quote Kipling's devil--"I'm well 'oer sick with Adam's breed--and well he might be. Amen.

One interesting feature of Haines' report is the actual arrival of a Swedish ship--a red cross ship--which was unloaded by the Philipine red cross and hauled to B by the R.6, in the city. According to John, the cargo consists of boxes about the size of a case of milk, marked "For American War Prisoners" and are supposed to contain clothes, cigarettes toilet articles etc. According to Haines this is the truth of the ship story and the entry I made above and scratched out is all and falsehood and misquote.

This is probably the answer to the "good news" the interpreter Wada claims Nogi has for us but which Nogi has never imparted as yet. It will still be very interesting to see how much of it we get.

Learn from the same source how the Jap soldiers steal truck loads food from their storage and make rendezvous on the outskirts of Manila and sell it to the Philipinos.

Many of us took our sensitization tests for Diphtheria antitoxin during the last few days. Of course, all this tells you is how sick you will be when you take the immunizing dose. If I can believe the test

reaction I got, I shouldn't have any trouble. Several got very severe reactions. We have very little immunizing toxin anyhow and those who will be in exposed to cases in caring for them will be innoculated first and then in order of actual need. Not enough to go around. However, a goodly number of Shiek negatives must already exist among us anyhow. Some 200 deaths already reported at Cabanatuan several weeks ago and many still afflicted.

Word from Cabanatuan tells me that Dave Ditter has gone "nuts" as hell. Major Sutu was the N.P. man on Corrigidor and bunked next to me for a while. Later he was in Bataan where he was taken prisoner.

We never see the death reports from Cabanatuan as a regular routine. All we know is what we learn "thru channels." However, recently we did get a copy of recent deaths as reported to the "Front Office." Many 4th regt. marines among them. Lt. Manning was among them. I am still trying to keep a check on the vital statistics of the Regiment as best as I can.

The mosquito pestilence grows worse with the advent of drying weather. It is always true of the Aedes countries. Long gulley washers and heavy rains wash away their eggs. As the weather becomes of the occassional daily shower type they breed like hell. They are very annoying now, and nothing we can do about it. Ants in the bed, cuties in our clothes, flies on our backs, and mosquitoes--leaving our ringworms, impetigo and various fungous skin lesions--ho hum! Never a dull moment. Even bedbugs lend a hand keeping us busy and occupied if not amused. Spanish class continues--twice daily.

Sunday December 6, 1942

After getting what seemed full authority for our cooking fires from Nogi, again the Jap non-cons and interpreters stop them. Again we open up the question with Nogi and we finally get permission to use cooking fires if we buy our own wood. We have agreed to do this. We were able to collect about P260 in our "share the wealth program" and we have voted money for cooking wood. A P10 load came in and we have reestablished cooking for the men. The Japs have retained over P32,000 of our alleged pay, not counting P60 from each of us "for our keep." we have been able to itemize their supplies to us and it turns out that they are expending between .06 & .12 a day on us, or 3.60 a month at the most and charging us 60.00. But we can't have wood at their expense, and they also claim it is scarce. However, we are able to get it, and pay for it. Just an old Jap custom.

We have had another pay day. Another 25 pesos. Most ridiculous. The paper is hot off the press. Bayonet money. Nogi comes around very little now. Seldom see him. In the meanwhile we still turn out for Bango long before daylight and stand there in ranks in the prison yard until long after it is light while the Japs get finally a correct count. Then at dusk comes the second count of the day and it is long after dark before they finish with us. A silly, stupid, awkward procedure, at least it is carried out so.

The Disciplinary Board met recently in the case of a corpsman who assaulted a master-at-arms because he believed the M.O. had reported him for sleeping on watch and negligence of duty. The accused is a nasty

bull dozing type but a toady of the Army Catholic Chaplin who has influenced the sen. med. officer (Sartin) and tried to c the Board. The attitude of Sartin in this case, complete lack of backing of the Board, spineless handling of the Chaplain who has definitely been subversive in his acts against the good discipline of this camp. In spite of the damning evidence brought out against the man, he was completely exonerated and given no punishment whatsoever. I immediately recommended that the senior M.O. disband the Board, it serving no useful function under the circumstances, and as for myself, even if the Board continued I asked for my release as Senior Member and considered myself totally unable to support any regime or carry out any policy of such a namby pamby nature. As might be expected I got no reply to my request but I know one dam thing. I will never sit on another Board on this outfit. My mind is made up.

More talks with Haines. Nogi and others have insisted that they (the Japs) have not had Vit. deficiency diseases among their troops. Haines reports seeing returned Jap troops from New Guinea and Beri Beri among them. Also, estimates of Jap losses in the Bataan Campaign are listed as high as 50,000. This is quite possible, for I can recall in the early days of the campaign when they started down the peninsula, our artillery slaughtered hell out of them and their piled up bodies in the jungle, and our barbed wire entanglements littered with them, made a stench that made the front line anything but a bunch of roses. Monkey meat cooking over a small fire in a shell hole smelled like hyacinths in comparison.

Received word in the last few days of the death of a young Marine at Fort McKinley. His name was Snyder. I had occasion to mention him in my Journal once before while I was still on Corrigidor. I remember calling him in at the time and asking him if he had any relatives in Carolina. He didn't.

Three days ago we managed to buy 5 pieces of shark which cut up into pieces the size of the palm of your hand. One piece for each of our mess. Shark meat isn't bad tasting. It just doesn't taste at all, is rubbery, but filling, and its protein which is what we need. From then until today pickings have been pretty scarce but after 3 lean days, managed to get a small hunk of caribao and had a stew of sorts. If I can get that much I'll survive O.K. The regular garbage and rice I haven't been able to stomach lately.

Our Chinese have now left us, sent to Camp O'Donnell. Good riddence of that lousy gang of Orientals. No good. I have gone into their status elsewhere. In the meanwhile, I got a note from Bob and understand our Corpsmen who recently passed thru here were to be returned to us on Dec. 6 (today) and he, Longdon and Hardini had hopes of arriving with them. To date (4 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 6) none of them have arrived. Nogi continues to promise their arrival but they just don't seem to materialize. I also learn that Lt.Com. Brookes and Col. Hamilton (Marines) are an investigating board investigating the hospital at Cabanatuan in reference to certain Army officers selling medicine. That has been a complaint against the Army medicos for some time. I understand certain Army Medicos are offering the Defense that since there had been no medicine available, they (the medicos) had bought the medicine and were just trying to get their money back. I'll leave that one to the jury.

Nogi reports that our Navy Corpsmen at O'Donnell are still needed there and cannot be spared to us at this time.

Since the last entry, have submitted my report of the Surgical Service for the past month. Our average runs about the same for operations. More abdominal work this month, however. Have only had one death on the s for this month and that was not a surgical death. Lad was riddled with Malaria, beri beri and T.B.

Several weeks ago, Capt. Zeblen left us to go with a working detail operating out of Fort McKinley. He returned a few days ago with a draft of about 80 cases, most of them deficiency diseases and Malaria. Zeblen tells us he has been supplied absolutely no medicines or gear to care for the sick and has been able to do nothing for them. Zeblen is a strange character. He is a young Jewish boy from Charleston, S.C. and I just met him over on the rock. He is one of the very few Army Medicos over there who really worked under fire and "took it." He took a hell of a pounding on Topside on Dec. 29th and after a few days rest went back to his job and took it again and again until near the fall when he was brought in pretty well shaken up. This young Capt. is a mental case to start with. He is a typical schizophrenic praecox. His mother and father both died in an insane asylum. But in spite of his schizophrenia, and his Judaism and his peculiarities, he is brave, willing, kind, and pleasant, and I have come to admire him and like him, and foolishly feel sorry for him. If my memory serves me, he was awarded the Silver Star for his gallantry in action on Dec. 29th, and he really deserved it. I remember talking with him at the mouth of the tunnel the night he left to return to topside.

I was adjusting his chin strap on his iron hat as we stood under a tree in the dark near the East End of M "Naturally," says he, "I hate like all hell to go up there again, but it is sure as hell my duty so lets get it over with even tho its a corpse sez I," and off he goes. The next time I saw him was at the end of a five day heavy bombardment. We were all at station as the casualty run increased. They brought in Zeblen, leading him. He was drueling, covered with dirt and his clothes well torn up. After a few days in bed, a week of general rest, and he was ready to go again and reported himself as ready. An alright guy. Even if he is nuts.

After returning here several days ago, he was taken sick yesterday morning and last night I was asked to see him. Operated him and removed a nasty appendix fear heading for a rupture. Cleaned out his bowel which was practically impacted with fe He is in good condition this morning.

From the time our forces became starving creatures at the hands of our own quartermaster corps, one thing has been very noticeable. A gang of fellows gathered around in dugouts fox holes, and later in prisons, all had deserted the most common topic of conversation when usually arises, namely "women." Instead, all you could hear was food food food, menus, recipes etc. Consequently I was just a little surprised recently to hear our two Swedes Oleson and Jonson talking one night and discussing the pleasantest way to die. Oleson led off with the prayer that he be trampled to death on the stage runway of Minsky's burlesque, and Jonson parried with a wish to be smothered by a boat load of Dorothy Lamours.

A new draft arrived this afternoon from Pasay. That is a work camp for Nicholas Field. The draft hobbled in, a worn out sorry looking

crowd. They are on their way to Cabanatuan and a new draft from Cabanatuan will take their place. This gang has been worked out--nothing left in them. That Pasay camp has had a bad rep ever since it began. Jap marines and Navy run the place. Tough taskmasters. We have had several died from there. Tomorrow Phil Bress leaves here with two army corpsmen as medicoe personnel from Pasay. They wanted a "skilled surgeon" for the detail and there isn't a dam thing in Pasay for him to work with or render any treatment whatsoever. Same old cover-up, face saving gag. Phil comes from Norfolk originally. From reports of these Pasay prisoners, they have been worked harder, treated worse, fed and cared for worse than any group I have seen. Out of 50 we have already admitted 20 to the sick list with diarrhea and by morning will probably have to admit the rest. Pretty well shot to hell. The number of Americans surviving this mess is going to be dam dam few.

Very little information of late. No contacts recently. Everybody laying low. Some lousy rumors got abroad today--of no value whatsoever. Usual hooey. But it feeds the w . They are the same rumors they have heard a dozen times before, and each time proven childish banter. But each time hope springs in the human breast that "this time, it may be right."

Thursday, Dec. 10/42

Today is the Anniversary of the day we were bombed out of Cavite and Canacao and our long "Dunkirk" began which took me thru the Provinces, into Bataan, and finally Corrigidor where we made our last stand. It has been a tough year, so much of it taken as a helpless target, outlook always hopeless and having the hell kicked out of us day after day, week after week, and then the surrender, with its chaos, the collapse of morale

and every semblance of decent human behavior, officers and men becoming animals derelicts, flotsam and jetsam with the crude law of the jungle the order of the day--the primal urge of the individual to survive--the veneer of civilization, thinly spread to begin with, wiped off like chalk from the slate, and no hard discipline to take its place, no leaders--not one--big enough to meet the issue as a whole, altho, here and there thru the paudemoni and grave yard of decent human behavior an occassional instance of a self disciplined, truly well bred, courageous personality would emerge in an effort to deflect the tide of the masses from the abyss of acute of total dege , but their numbers were so small, their nobility of spirit and spirit cast but the feeble light of a tiny candle throughout the black and crumbled world. Today, however, as I write, the world situation as a whole has certainly improved in our favor, and while we here must view it from the darkest center, it is encouraging to know that elsewhere, the great scheme of things of which we form a part, does seem to move at present in our favor. At last we are fighting back, and I believe there is some reason to believe that Nippon cannot take it, as well as she can dish it out.

On Dec. 8, (Tuesday) the anniversary of the opening of hostilities, the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Japanese declared a holiday here. Their propoganda on that occassion was to the effect that on that date, Japan began her war "to free the Philipines." Large multicolored posters were plastered all over with that wording and also saying "watch the Philipines grow." Toy balloons were sent aloft trailing a sign in tagalog meaning "Happiness as one" or "United in happiness." Silangana Ay Isa other posters tell us "wherever the Imperial Japanese Army is, there is Peace." of course, Bilibid is well

covered with these posters. There were Jap planes in the air all day overhead. Of course there was the usual Polyana juvenile drivel to be heard, to the effect that on this anniversary we would probably knock hell out of them somewhere. Accordingly, after the usual day, the rumors got abroad about how we had bombed Japan with sixty some planes. There were others, of course.

My last entry in this journal was last Sunday afternoon. I had just closed out my entry and put away my notes when a hubbub was heard in the prison yard and a new draft was coming in. It was a Cabanatuan group and in them were our corpsmen who went up last week, and also Bob and Langdon and Stangman. Jesus! But it seemed good to see them. This was the first time I had seen Longdon since I ordered him and Nardini to Batasan just two nights before the lines broke, and I knew when I sent them they were walking into a surrender job. Nardini and Al White did not come with them, altho we had been assured that all of our Navy would arrive on that date. There had been a lot of telephoning and changing around at the last minute before the draft left Cabanatuan, and in the end, these came, and John Nardini and Al White were retained.

I went up to the upper compound with them where the Japs took them for the night. Bob is rice fat but in good shape. We went thru the whole campaign together, side by side from exactly one year ago today. He was the Junior Dental officer in the 4th Reg. but I took him to the 4th with me as my Reg. Dental officer, and his loyalty, courage, and diligence as dental officer and my aid left nothing to be desired. We shared everything, even to toilet paper. The night we arrived here at Bilibid (July 3) the "politicians" around here outmaneuvered me during the night and then at 4:00 a.m. of July 3, while it was still dark, I

bid him good by, and we were separated for the first time since the war began. He went up to Cabanatuan while Cabanatuan was at its worst. Thru jaundice and beri beri he carried on, and every draft coming thru here has brought praise of him and the good work he has been doing among the sick up there. He was very proud to turn over to me for handling, a letter in his behalf from Maj. Mathem USMC, directed thru official channels to the Sec. of Navy, recommending Bob for D.S.C. or similar award for his splendid work among the prisoners at Cabanatuan. Bob and Langdon Charlie and Art Barrett working a mess of four. Strangman went over with Knight and Manson. Not very good company for Strangmen but nevertheless--Strangemen is a funny personality. Very . Always has been and his prewar record both in the states and up in China with the 4th Reg. doesn't record him as a strong character. During hostilities I had him with the 1st Bat. in the East Sector. He did alright as an individual but he seemed to be unable to occupy any organized integral part of the unit, and was quite b whackey toward the end. He has had no particular job up at Cabanatuan.

December 8th was not only the anniversary of the beginning of the war, but also of my marriage. That opens up a life long opportunity for the b ways to remark "the anniversary of another war."

Warren Wilson left for Cabanatuan. Hated to see him go. However--c'est 'la guerre.' If there was any real need for him up there, if he could really do any good up there, up there is where he should be. But he can't do anymore than their present force. They need food, medicine and vitamins. Not more doctors.

Reports tell us that the food up there has greatly improved in the past month with a big step up in protein, more caribao meat being allowed. However, I have seen a recent monthly report from their and in spite of the protein which weighs in as bone and m caribao, the daily allowance of each man is between 1/10 and 1/5 of a sustaining ration. May be that's where our meat ration is going for we know had enough meat recently to even see a piece. The last couple of deliveries of meat were barrels of pickled beef, the old sea going ration of beef in barrels of brine that stinks to high heaven. Shades of Magellan Days.

Before Warren Wilson left, Sartin asked me about giving him and Hibbs (Hibbs went with him) a commendatory letter to the Army. I write the letter at once and have arranged its ultimate delivery to the War Department. Cagey went up also but Cagey didn't rate any such letter. I still have a score to settle with Cagey over Corregidor Days and his attempt to convince the department surgeon that the Navy contingent was planning an insurrection to have the Japs remove Col. Cooper from compound and place Olympia in charge. Absurd. I spiked that in no uncertain terms but I am not satisfied to forget it. When the going got tough after the surrender, Cagey went to bed with Tuberculosis(?) and in fact arrived here as such. His own diagnosis pure and simple. Manning did the same thing. We yanked Cagey off the list as "no disease" soon after his arrival here and he considers the Navy a hell of a gang as a result. There are times I wonder if Cagey isn't just a little bit "nuts." Several of his Army associates have offered the same excuse for him. The yellow son of a bitch Manning still remains on the sick list because nobody seems to have guts enough to handle him as he should be.

Another instance of pu attitude and pampering an attitude with which I am wholly out of sympathy and which nauseates me daily.

K.P. Moffett, Hospital Corpsman arrived with the Cabanatuan draft. Moffett was one of those whose status thruout the campaign was SNAFU from the beginning by administration bog down. He did a swell job with the anti air craft warning unit in Bataan, and rendered excellent service after the surrender of Bataan on the long hikes and coolie labor details in which our captured forces performed. Quizzed him extensively. The man was plainly sick and showing early signs of deficiency disease, peripheral neuritis and eye signs. Got permission to turn him in on the sick list and thereby kept him here under treatment.

Sunday, Dec. 20/42

Four more shopping days till Christmas. Best not to think about Christmas I guess, just like it isn't good to listen when the gang gathers around the firelight at night and sing old songs and melodies that open doors of treasure houses filled with memories sweet unto the point of pain.

The prison routine continues. Bango before day light; lugao about 7; rounds; daily details of washing clothes; cooking chow; spanish classes at 12:30 and again at 4 p.m.--slim chows for several days, then perhaps we get together a good meal of our own devising--Japs continue to send in rice and waterlillies, occassionally we get a fish, no meat since that barrel of pickled beef--bango at night about dark. The weather has turned good. Rains have gone. The early mornings are quite chilly but the days heat up if you are in the sun. The humidity is less however. Best season of the year here.

Several surgical emergencies of the past week, one a ruptured gastric ulcer and several appendices. All doing well.

The Japs have gotten around to building my O.R. for me. It is going to be O.K. After 5 mo. they get around to it. If I had waited on them before opening up shop we would be exactly seven hundred operations behind and any number of emergencies lost.

Drafts of prisoners have passed thru for Lipa, Cabanatuan and Pasay. That Pasay detail continues to be a touch one. Very little food, hard labor, severe punishments. They arrive here looking like hell and are replaced by half wrecks to continue the work.

Gen. Stevens, Col. Ho and several others left this week for Japan. Stevens was a Colonel in Wainwright's corps in Bataan over on the west line. He is from Brookhaven, Miss.

We have recently had seven truckloads of "drugs" to arrive. Apparently the Japanese have taken over some Chinese drugstores. The assortment was chiefly of patented pills for pale people, hair tonic, ambergrise, liver tonics, denture powder, cathartics and pain killers--internal and external. Hardly 10¢ worth of medicine of any value, whatsoever.

Recent contact with Young, Dwortske, and Ludlow. All very favorable.

One year ago today I was at Jai Alai in Manila (Manila Medical Center) with my surgical team. Seems centuries ago.

Have been concerned the past week in checking over the casualties of the 4th Reg. during the campaign and since the surrender. New information came to light in the past week which helps a little. Incidentally we had three Snyders with us. One died recently.

I still find myself seeking out the boys from Carolina Washington, Ewka, and the Suffolk-Portsmouth-Norfolk contingent and talking of familiar places and affairs.

After conference with Nogi it would seem as tho we were going to be able to allot some of our "deposited" money each month for the care of the indigent. Our Board is to administer the fund.

Sartin called me in about changing the con of the Board. He wanted the Catholic chaplain on the Board because of his chance to get the big Catholic fund. (About 5000 Pesos). I objected, unless the Protestant Chaplain was also placed on the Board. Again I reminded Sartin that to me it was a case of the Padre "buying his way into affairs." Sartin also wanted to add Joses to the Board. I wrote out a board which I felt would satisfy him, leaving Col. Vanderbogen senior, Joses, the two chaplains, and Hausen to keep the books. I purposely "included myself out". I can contribute not one dam thing to the administration of this place. I am completely out of step, out of sympathy with the set up and want no part of it. I am better out of it because all I can do is throw monkey wrenches into the machinery. The machinery stinks and needs wrenches thrown into it but since nothing is going to be done about it, why raise the hell. I can't "yes" when I feel "no" and vice versa. There is a time and place for diplomacy, and there is a time and place for force.

Sartin also took occasion to ask me if I still feel the same about the Disciplinary Board. I insisted that the Board was of no consequence under the namby pamby administration behind it and frankly I wanted no part of it. Again I recommended its dissolution. Sartin stated his desires to keep the board but hesitated to revamp it and leave me off because people might think funny of my being relieved. It didn't take

me long to tell him that I welcomed the publicity of my being no longer a part of the Board. I certainly don't relish being considered a member of it with such a wishy washy defensive attitude characterizing it. I prefer to be on record as not a part of it. The think that is eating on Sartin is the fact that my attitude toward discipline and administration is becoming more justified by events every day, and he knows dam well he sold his Board down the river in this last case for a mess of potage and

December 29th/42

One year ago today I had the closest call of the entire war. I feel pretty sure that if they didn't get me that day I had a pretty fair chance of survival. On the night of Dec. 28/41, the rear echelon of the Regiment came out of the Bataan Hills under the cover of darkness and embarked at the Marivales Quarantine station pier for Corregidor. The first Battalion Headquarters and service units comprised our force, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions having crossed over on the nights of the 26th and 27th. The trip thru the mine fields was slow. A full moon rose before we had rounded the point at the mouth of Marivales Harbor but there was a white haze over the sea. We eased along at the snail pace of about 5 knots, following in the wake of a tug which piloted us thru the mines. Two ships loaded with troops and our supplies being towed on barges were scattered over the bay. I sat on the starboard rail forward and munched a piece of chocolate from my field rations and very much aware of the beautiful helpless ~~t~~ our flotilla would make if the Japs decided on a night air action. Around midnight we landed and I met Capt. Keysen, the Post Inspector, and acquired the immediate essentials of the medical logistics and estimate of the situation on Corregidor. Heithneek and I spent the night at his

quarters on topside and I was to meet Ka in the morning and go over some field details as our troops moved into their Beach Defense positions. However, that conference was never held. About noon of the 29th, just one year ago today, the enemy opened up an aerial bombardment on Corregidor which proved to be the heaviest air attack on the rock for the entire war, and the entire Regiment was caught in an exposed position middleside and for hours took an unmerciful hammering. There were no foxholes, no bomb shelters, no ditches. This was the first aerial attack on the rock and there still prevailed there the idea that was so prevalent before experience taught differently, that bombs exploded on impact, and with 2 concrete floors above you, the ground floor ought to be safe if you laid flat to avoid flying shrapnell and fragments.

There was a long barracks at Middleside in which the Regiment had been quartered. Everybody ducked into the ground floors and hit the deck. The Jap laid a stick from one end of those barracks to the other. He blew the buildings apart and the walls folded under the impact. Doors and windows were blown out and the c kicked you in the stomach like a mule. Wave after wave came over and let go their eggs. There was no where to go, no way to fight back, nothing to do but sit and take it. Our antiaircraft batteries returned the fire but to no avail. High altitude bombers, dive bombers, straffers, worked us over. Kayser was killed by the first wave. By 3 p.m., we had established our Regimental Headquarters and I had set up my Regimental Surgeons Headquarters at the station hospital f which set up continued from that hour to function for the entire campaign. Thus posed 1 yr. ago today.

Bob and I have reminiced together most of the past week.

On the night of December 22, Bob and I sat outside our barracks here in the prison yard and watched the moon come up. We didn't talk much but occassional words told me he was remembering then, as I was, one year ago, the night of Dec. 22/41. It was our last night in Manila before we left for the Provinces to join the 4th Regiment. We had left the Manila Med. Center late that afternoon after a conference with the fleet surgeon and Marine Aid to the Commandant. I had chosen Bob as Regimental Dental officer and my aid. We had acquired a station wagon as the Regimental Surgeon's car and Wilson, 1st Ch. Phm. M. was our driver. We loaded our gear into the wagon, some extra medical supplies and emergency rations but I felt it better to lay over for the night and leave just before daybreak. Night travel with complete blackouts and the roads jammed with ammunition and supply trucks, troop contingents and tanks, was not conducive to speed. By leaving just before day break we could clear the city and zone of military contractions before daylight and have reasonably open country as far as San Fernando. We were headed for Olangapo where I had reason to believe I would find Headquarters of the 4th Reg., altho 16th Dist. Headquarters couldn't definitely tell me. At that time I had been given the understanding that the mission of the 4th Regiment was to be an offensive campaign at once in Northern Luzon, to push the Japs into the sea where they had made their northern landing on the Island of Apari.

Consequently, the night of the 22nd was spent in Manila. Drove into M.H. Del about 6 p.m. and the sh put us up for the night. They prepared a big meal for us and after dinner we sat around in darkness (complete blackout) and talked and smoked until after midnight. There

were several air alarms but nothing we could do about it but just sit and wait and see what happened. I do not recall that the planes dropped anything that night. There was intermittent firing in the streets, guards firing at flares which went up at odd times all over the city. Occassionally a machine gun would open up for no apparent good reason. Everybody was on edge and the trigger finger was a little nervous.

Sometime after midnight we laid down in our clothes for short cat naps. Several dropped in for a minute during the night. One lad from Nichols Field stopped in for a drink and a smoke. The enemy had stopped them all day at the field. The next time I saw that lad, he was struggling up the long dusty road that leads thru the Barrio toward Zigzag, one of the thousands strung out along the road "sunkirking" from Manila and Cavite before the advance of the invading Jap army. One of the submarine officers who came out on the H with us, dropped in to see Queenie. It was the last time any of us ever saw him again. His ship went out but never came back (USS Shark)? After being a month overdue, they recorded her as lost.

We had a good full breakfast about four a.m. It was our last real meal for--come to think of it, as I write this lives one year later, I can't say that I have had a really good meal since. By 5 a.m. we were under way. I had ordered a truck with field equipment and 10 corpsmen and one medicine officer to meet me enroute, and made rendezvous on time with them on the city outskirts. We were held up at several towns during air raids but by 1 p.m. of the 24th we pulled up in front of the Chinese hotel or San Fernando and ate cheese, bread and cold beer. Much coldiery there. San Fernando was the headquarters of certain Filipine Army contingents.

Went thru an air raid there and then got under way. From there to Hermosa the road was heavy with ammunition trucks and quartermaster contingents. At Hermosa I sent the truck on to Marivales with the men and gear, while Heithneck and I headed North to Olongapo. As we traveled the hilly area we began running our concentrations of the Filipine army, deployed in the in those hills. Found headquarters of the 4th Reg. at Olongapo after driving thru the ruins of the Barrio which had been bombed and burnt by the enemy a few days before. Reported to Col. Howard, a gent fellow from Washington, D.C. After a conference, was aware that the Aparri campaign was out of question. The 4th Regiment had but recently arrived from Shanghai, having evacuated just before the thing "broke." They had been little more than a "diplomatic regiment" and were neither equipped nor trained for such a job. At present, the mission was beach defense of Subig Bay, with the 45th Inf. (Army) on the north and a coast artillery outfit at a Fort on Grandy Island. The regiment was considerably undermanned. The present plan served to be to annex the 1st sep. Battalion from Cavite (then at Marivales) and thus make up three Battallions, withdraw into bivouac and equip and train and build up the strength further by Philipine Scouts. The 3 battallions were actually formed ~~by~~^{the} the latter didn't develop. I found the medical force established in the jungle just east of Olongapo. Air activity had chased them into the hills. The 2nd Battalion and headquarters alone were at Olongapo. The First Battalion was already in Bataan (Marivales). I found Berley and Langdon there, whom I had dispatched to Olongapo, several weeks prior, from Manila. Met Wade for the first time. Marion Wade (Lt.) was acting as Regimental surgeon and had been so ever since Joses had been sent down to Canacao, several weeks before the war, as a mental patient and under guard. On which hangs another interesting story. I saw Joses on arrival at Canacao and he didn't impress me as sick, physically or

mentally. He was perfectly oriented around the place, and when the war broke was made a part of the Hospital staff. But, when the time came to take the field again, Joses, according to Davis, Roberto and Sowman, was not fitted for the job, and "the Admiral was afraid he might break down again." Hence my orders to the Regiment. When I asked who was to be chief of surgery for the hospital--Joses. A nut could do that, apparently. The truth is, Joses never has done enough surgery or anything else to warrant the name. Just a big hulk of disgusting laziness, no dam good for anything, he had foxed his way out of Shanghai when he saw trouble coming and then slid out from under when he should have taken the field. Of course, I benefited. I am not sorry in any degree that I drew that 4th Reg. billet. But the dirty son of a bitch that crawled out from under--I sit along side of that skunk every day now here in this camp--and I hate it. And everybody use to wonder why I never tried to get back with this outfit after the surrender--well, this outfit is mostly tripe and disgusting people like Joses. Physical cowards, no guts, and ignorant of the first principles of command mindful only of their own physical comforts and as useless as the Pope's balls. Better to have eru a .45 and rid the outfit of such horrible examples who have sewed for nothing but a demoralizing influence ever since the war began.

Wade and I sat in conference up there in the jungle. That night Mr. Crews and I spent the night in the jungle near a camouflaged hospital site. I had outlined for him my plan of organization, the formation of three Battalion and stations and a Regimental headquarters group to eventually develop into a Regimental aid station as equipment and personnel became available.

Had a good bath that night in the cool waters of a river which flowed nearby and bedded down on my blanket under the bamboo brush. N from a nearby native village came near us several times and passed on. They were probably after wild chickens as they had their long bows and arrow like spears with them. Several times during the night I was awakened by the grunting respiration of a lad who was sleeping near my feet. He was convalescing from a pneumonia and had contracted pleurisy. Within 3 mo., the same lad was to die in my arms on Corregidor, blown to pieces from shell fire. His name was Stone.

The next day was the 24th. I took Mr. Tyler and Heethneek, Wilson was driving, and we left at day break for Bataan to organize the 1st and 3rd Battalion medical facilities, to establish a line of supply and evacuation times for the wounded. I did not say anything to the others, but as I left Olongapo, I knew we would never return to Olongapo. The Japanese had landed at Singayon on the north and were pushing south. Already our forward lines were falling back and I could see that it was but a matter of a very short time our forces would be thrown back into our ultimate line of defense on the bataan peninsula. This developed sooner than even I had expected. So sure was I of this even that I left Wade at Olongapo and made final plans with him as to the evacuation of medical supplies and personnel when the g "Dunkirk" order began. As we drove east out of Olongapo that morning, I looked about for the troops which the day before had filled the rice paddies and bamboo jungle. The place was deserted. We stopped at a camouflaged medical station and talked with two Army Medicos. They were with the 41st, were all packed up and awaiting orders to pull out, and

fall back along the Hermosa road into the Bataan Peninsula.

As we resumed our way I knew dam well that if the 41st pulled out, the 4th Reg. couldn't remain alone in their position and would be down into Bataan before the next day. We drove hard. Stopped at Bolango and borrowed a barber shop where we washed off the heavy yellow dust, shaved, filled our canteens and sweated out an air raid and headed south. Already, evidence of a general fall back of our forces into Bataan was in evidence. The roads were jammed with trucks, tanks and troops as they poured thru the bottle neck at Hermosa into Bataan. Already lines were forming for ultimate defense at the Hemosa line and reserve lines were dragging in as far south as Bolanga. I was never to see Bolongo again. It was destined to be torn to pieces by our artillery a few weeks later in our effort to stop the enemy advance. At Limay was the site of the stored Army 1,000 bed hospital. As we approached Limay on our way south, it was evident that this hospital was being established for use, we drove in, and I found Col. Duckworth there, just arrived. I had just left Duckworth at Jai Alai Medical Center in Manila where he had been in charge. Learned from him that the Japs were already pushing in on Manila from the south and the city was being evacuated of all military personnel and equipment and supplies as rapidly as possible. It was plain to see that our lines were being rolled up at a fast rate. An army of Philipino houseboys with broomsticks couldn't do much to stop the invaders. Saw Smith whom I had sent to Holy Ghost College with a surgical team as a pair of the Manila Medical Center. had just arrived, had the Navy

team with him including Ann Bernatitus his nurse. was to remain with that Army outfit until the fall of Bataan Apr. 9/42 and was made their Chief of Surgery. Also saw Fraleyh, and Fraleyh was "running things" and continued to run things for Duckworth and the Army for the duration of the campaign and after the surrender of Bataan, he has continued to this date to be Duckworth's right hand man up at the prison camp at Camp O'Donnell. I heard Duckworth say "If I ever had a son I'd want him to be just like Fraleyh."

I made arrangements with Duckworth to receive our wounded from the south as I knew that adequate ambulance roads were available from Marivales, either direct or over the Bogak road.

A few miles south of Linay we took cover under a hill in a shallow ditch while the Japs cut loose with a heavy air attack of the area. They were dropping heavy stuff in the valley just below us and in an area just behind us on the hill, under which we had sought refuge. After the raid we learned the reason. Our forces had built an air field on this hill and we had inadvertently stopped and sought refuge right on a target. Better we had kept to the road and continued to run south. I learned in that raid just how big a fox hole is required to reasonably receive a guy in gas mask belted with a .45 canteen and messkit, musette bag and iron hat. I was already down to 160 lbs. and feeling physically good, but I was to go as low as 140 before the campaign was over, and not feel so good. Eating had gotten to be a catch-as-catch-can thing and continued so for the duration.

Arrived at Marivales before noon, contacted Battalion Commanders, and saw Bookman. Before the war began, I had arranged with Bookman at the section base what to do when the thing started and had sent out to Marivales, field medical equipment, which Bookman had established in a

river valley behind Camp Dewey. About noon, the enemy opened up with a heavy air attack on that sector and raised particular hell. The Sun Niang lying in the harbor was set afire by two hits. We had a prize crew aboard. Casualties were high. The entire area from the Quarantine station to the section was bombarded. The Field Medical Unit which our foresight had provided, in spite of the silly asinine reactions of the "Brass Hat Contingent" certainly justified its existence on that date. That medical unit and the section base dispensary functioned completely and it was inspiring to see the cool competency and willingness of the youngsters, many of whom were having their first taste of blood and fire and they did splendidly. I have been proud of them ever since, and I have repeatedly reported their gallantry of that date. Heithneck and I spent the night at the Section Base and early the following morning, Christmas Day, we went into the hills and joined the battalion and headquarters troops moving into bivouac. We learned late Christmas Eve that the Regiment was completely evacuating Olongapo and the Naval Sta. there being demolished and abandoned. Our bivouac area was in the hills behind Marivales near the headwaters of the Marivales, Linden and Panakyan Rivers, in a dense bamboo jungle. All day Christmas the enemy were overhead and active. We managed to complete our organization and supply lines, but spent most of our day in foxholes. During the day our 4th Marine contingents poured in from Olongapo and came into Bivouac. It was a Dunkirk Christmas, but we were keeping our organization intact and discipline was well maintained. From early morning aviation units fleeing from Nichols Field were arriving on the Peninsula by boats and were strung out for miles along the dusty road that led north into high ground and covered areas. Staffing operations would have been disastrous at that time,

but as well as I can learn, it was not attempted. About five p.m. Naval District Headquarters and Cavite remnants began to arrive by boat from Manila and were establishing in the Quarantine Station. Ken Lowman, the Fleet Surgeon, was with them, just how or why he should have been, God only knows. Admiral Hart had already left by sub to join the Fleet down south. Lowman had not gone with him as a part of his staff. I had last left him with the Causcao Hospital outfit. Hearing he was there at Quarantine I went down to see him. He was devoid of directives, was apparently no part of any organized plan or organization. Just a refuge--like the rest of them. The Admiral, District Commandant, Rockwell, and his staff were in a blue junk and generally out of step. Lowman talked about going up to the section base and working with Bookman, but even as he told me this, I knew he had plans and intention for returning to Manila as it was expected that Manila would be declared an open city. I never saw Lowman after that. Late that night, Dan Boone and a medical group arrived in a truck, having been sent out by the D.M.C. for "whatever service they might render in Bataan," sent out with no supply line, no orders for attachment, no directive whatsoever. They arrived in a capacity comparable to a bunch of guerillas, to live on the country about them. This was characteristic of our District Medical Command and the record of our first week of the war is full of such asinine instances. Lowman being Senior present. Boone reported to him. Lowman decided they were of no use out there and ordered them back the next morning, Lowman returning with them to Manila. They left the Corpsmen however, and they were absorbed into our already organized and functioning units in the area.

It was on Dec. 26, that the 4th Reg. was ordered to proceed by eschelons to Corregidor to take up the beach defense of that Island. This relieved the 31st (Army) for Bataan service. On the night of the 26th, the 3rd Battalion went over. I sent Crews and Tyler with the first eschelon to make reconnaissance and plans for medical tactics. On the 27th, Regimental Headquarters arrived from Olongapo and I joined them at the headwaters of the Marivales River. We were managing to get about one meal a day at this time, supplemented by crackers, dried fruit and chocolate from the field rations. Enemy planes were over all during the 26th and 27th but dropped nothing in our vicinity and they were too high for any anti aircraft stuff we had. At 1 p.m. on the afternoon of Dec. 28th, received orders for our rear eschelon group to proceed to Corrigidor. This eschelon comprised the 1st Bat. Headquarters and Service Companies. We snaked out of the hills just before dark, arriving at the Quarantine Sta. pier between dark and moonrise. On our way down into the beach area, Bob and I stopped at a swali hut off the Bagkok Road, a combination bar, night club and whore house and for 5 pesos managed to get a bottle of warm beer, a can of beans and clean the dust and dirt out of our ears. The beer was putrid but it was safer drinking than any water available and we were conserving our canteens as much as possible.

All of the foregoing is in retrospect, just as Bob and I have sat thru the past few days and reminisced, and remembered it, and lived over and over the good and the bad. One incident we both remembered and have often spoken of it. On the night of Dec. 27th, we were up in the jungle in camouflaged bivouac positions and we spent that night with a Battalion Aid Station just off the Marivales cut off road. I

always wore a rabbits foot on my belt and that rabbits foot was one of my prize possessions and meant a hell of a lot to me. Before rolling up in my blanket I had removed my pistol belt and gas mask and loosened the Kahki belt which held my trou. I awoke sometime during the night and realized my belt was awry and out of place and my first thought was of my rabbits foot. Couldn't find it anywhere. I got up, and with flashlight searched everywhere, in and out of the blanket, and had most of the command searching for it. The following morning I continued the search but to no avail. I feel it in my bones that I could expect some catastrophe. Then came the nastiest day of the war--the 29th--and all thru that mess, I was ever mindful of my missing rabbits foot.

Christmas at Bilibid 1942. Very little to say about it. For a week previous they had been unloading a Red Cross ship at the pier, American Medical supplies, cigarettes, tobacco, food boxes, clothing, etc. They have sent us in some medicinal supplies but all we have ever seen of the other stuff is one box per prisoner, put up in England and marked "Prisoner's Parcel," from British Red Cross and The Order of St. John, War Organization."

It was thru the International Red Cross, Geneva they had come. In each box were canned meat, soap, sugar, jam and apple pudding. It helped our Christmas considerably. The usual rice and water lilly soup would otherwise have been the order of the day. To date we have never heard of the American boxes, and American cigarettes and tobacco. The Japs are using them, and plenty. This we know, and entire cases are taken by the guards at the pier and of course, every agency handling

them gets their cut. When it gets to us, I guess there isn't any more. Working parties returning from handling them have pkgs. occassionally. They investigated to find out who needs shoes but none have ever been supplied. Reports from working parties tell us of the enormous quantities provided. The Japs are a little astounded at the quantity. They have never been use to big league numbers or quantities. Their idea of generous bestowal is 100 pills for a hospital of nearly a thousand patients, $\frac{1}{2}$ can condensed milk for a vit. deficiency case per day where we start in on 1 qt. plus a high diet. They can't understand or appreciate our higher standards of living. It is beyond their grasp. Naturally they are a little astounded at the vast amount of material our country can afford to expend on a handful of prisoners out here. But we are destined to see very little of it.

Christmas Eve I crawled in under my net at 8:30 in order to get away from the great droves of mosquitoes which seem to get worse daily. Ed Nelson had trained a chorus and about midnight they passed thru the place singing Christmas carols. Did very well, too.

Christmas was helped out considerably by loyal friends outside. "thru channels," the Shramecks got a box into me containing a cooked chicken, corned beef, crackers, preserves, towels, soap and a toothbrush. I found a note in the chicken stuffing which told me where I could find some pesos, and it worked according to schedule. S.T.M. got some pesos into me as well. The Dan Tomas crowd were permitted to send a few articles into us. Bob got a box and there were several articles to share with me. Some cigars for example. Feast or famine is certainly the story of my year 1942. The money will certainly help for with prices

as they are, the measly 25 pesos we are now allowed, doesn't help much. For example, coffee at P2.50 per kilo (worth ordinarily 20 centavos).

Cases continue to be brought into us from Pasay, Saipa, and other outlying camps. All in hellish shape. Starved, beaten, miserable creatures. Two cases from Palawan with broken ulmas from warding off blows from an iron bar; one case from Pasay brought in dead, already boxed, not allowed to open, just bury. We will hear the details from others coming in later. One death list today will total their losses suffered in taking the place--and more. It's a gruesome business, this gradual decimation of a people.

Finally, after much talk on the subject, they brought in the mailing cards and had us fill them in, with the idea they were to be sent within the week. We completed them accordingly but they are still lying up there in the front office and hasn't left yet. Very few of us have any faith in delivery of these cards. All of us hope to beat them home.

The popular subscription to "share the wealth" for the benefit of the sick and indigent has met the same selfish, uncoward like attitude which has marked the individual human re of our people thruout the entire war. A new plan has been promulgated.

Under the present plan, we get 25 pesos in cash per mo., 60 pesos is deducted for our rice and waterlily soup, and whatever is left is placed in "Japanese Postal Savings." Of course, we know we will never see that "savings" for it is only bayonet money, and even if we got it at the end of the war it will be worth nothing. Therefore, we have signed a sheet, stamped it with our "chop," authorizing the Jap paymaster

to pay $\frac{1}{2}$ of all that is left of our pay after the deductions of 25P's, and 60 P's, to Sartin, to use for the sick and indigent of this hospital. Practically everybody signed this, because they know the money will never do them any good anyhow, and some of the cagey boys even figure that if our country checks us for this Bayonet money, they will be able to show this money as paid back to the Government in support of a Government function and not bad reasoning either. The request is now before the Japs. To date we have heard nothing of it.

From the money collected after the 2 paydays we have been able to add to the diet for the sick considerably, but not really enough. As a matter of fact, the greatest single expenditure is for fire wood in order that a great number of prisoners may have any decent or sustaining food at all.

It was subsequent to the above allotment idea that my last row with the senior occurred, and this time I let go with both barrels and relations continue definitely strained. Sartin called me to his office for a conference. He understood the some 10 or 12 Navy nurses in San Tomas were not getting paid and he thought it would be an excellent idea if, the Navy medicos would allot 25 pesos from their remaining on the books to take care of the Navy nurses. (Prisoners are allowed only 25 pesos a mo. as a maximum.) I agreed with the idea, but pointed out that there were a hell of a number of Army nurses at San Tomas, who had suffered Bataan and Corregidor and were as equally deserving, and that the Army should be given the same opportunity to allot to Army nurses, or any Navy medico who wanted to do so, or anybody else, for that matter. I pointed out how the Army was contributing to our "indigent" patient fund, and no distinction as to Army and Navy made, and I advised

strongly against allowing this movement to be a NAVY affair, and insisted that it be an equal opportunity to Army and Navy to aid Army and Navy Nurses in San Tomas. When I left that conference I was assured that the Army would be looked after as well then the request was made of the Japanese. A few days later I saw an allotment list circulated among a few of the Navy but it was never brought to my notice. The following day, I asked if I could subscribe to the fund for nurses relief and I was told the list was closed and already submitted. I asked if the Army had been included. It developed that once the Navy nurses had been allotted to, no more was done. It was an out and out partisan job. Frankly, I was disappointed in Sartin. I think he suffered from Joses bad influence that time. I was so Goddam mad I could have cleaned out the place. I openly charged him with lousy partisanship and deliberately sliding this thing by without my attention being brought to it because he knew my sentiments on the subject. I let him know that there were any number of people who wanted to get in on a similar list and they had deliberately and intentionally been denied the opportunity. He did his damnest to convince me that it was not done intentionally, but the facts were too obvious. I refused to mince words, and let him know that he had surreptitiously let me down and I expected him to do something to remedy matters and dam quick and I was insistent that he understand that it was not because I personally wanted the privilege to allot but that it was for his own good and the good of the service and the morale here, not to mention his own good, that this group distinction

attitude he remedied at once. All of our previous issues have been devoid of any real bitterness on my part, no matter how disgusted I may have been at times with his policies, for I always gave him credit for being honest and sincere. This was obviously a sub and trickery and--personal. The remarks were hard on both sides. The talk ended with my refusal to retract my remarks or my belief that he had deliberately engineered and condoned an injustice and I still demanded the right of the remaining officers present to place their desires before the Japanese for disposal of their money in behalf of the Army nurses. Frankly I do not believe the Japs will agree to it but since relief effort is under way I can't forget those who were out there "on the t " with us, and who have fed me and helped many of us here.

The following day after our argument, Sartin asked me if I wanted to get in on the allotment list. Apparently he had found out at the front office that the paper was still there. I told him yes, if the remaining officers were to be included. He agreed, and almost 100% of the Army and many of our Navy crashed thru to swell the fund for the big gang of women held in San Tomas. This original Canacao crowd have played this Navy clique stuff too close to their chest. I can see, the logic in maintaining one's intact organization, but that idea should be to the end of best functioning and not the preservation of individuals at the expense of others in service. This is too much like Army son's o' bitches shouldn't be allowed to make son's of bitches out of us. I, personally, have probably more reason to feel bitterly against the Army than any person in this outfit, officer or man, but as much as I dislike them as a group, I hope I would never allow my personal c to them as a whole to act unjustly or a against them.

After all, I cannot forget that the Navy wasn't exactly friendly, cooperative, nor in the least shipmatey toward us Marines on Corregidor. A rather small minded group of stuffed shirts most of them turned out to be. War certainly does strip the veneer from the rotten wood, whether they be labeled Army, Navy or Marine Corps. But, I am glad to say, it also reveals the real splendor of the drama in the rough, and the firm foundations of the spirits dancing on bed rock. Man can be wrought only by the fine and forge and shining brush into that which the basic material permits. God help the poor potentialities of us all.

Jan. 1, 1943--I awoke when the bango bell rang. Regular prison routine stuff. I saw Charlie Le Compte just crawling out from under his net and wished him a Happy New Year, just a good old American custom. "I wish I could say the same for you, Bud," sez Charles. New Year's Day had begun. We went to Bango. New Year's Eve found me "in the sack" at 8:30 p.m. If there were any whistles or bells or anything, I didn't know about. Havn't been feeling any too well, lately, feel very much like I did when the Beri Beri had me over on Corregidor. Tire easily, mentally sluggish, memory for recent events poor. No edema of my extremities however, but I do have the God awful scrotal itching which is a part of Vit. C deficiency. We see it in many of our Pellagra cases.

Conditions have greatly improved on Cabanatuan, food much better and more of it, but it is slow stowation rations they issue here. No meat sure God knows when. Rice and waterlilies and an occassional ration of fish. There is an alarming increase of food deficiency diseases among our medical personnel here, worse each month. The painful feet and legs of

dry beri beri are increasing thruout the compound. In retrospect I can remember how at first we had chiefly wet beri beri, then came Pellagra and scurvy, then Xerophthalmia dry beri beri and Diphteria. It is now possible to honestly state that, had American prisoners been obliged to live entirely on the food furnished by our captors, not 1/5 of us would be alive today--if any. It was seven months ago that sick with Beri Beri, I was hiked thru the hills of Corregidor carrying my pack, starved, hungry and weak, loaded into the hot stinking hold of the Jap ship Lima Maru, to be brought to Manila. I had had $\frac{1}{2}$ can salmon in over 24 hrs. and the stink of fish was still in my dirty shirt and ragged shorts and its grease was in my scraggly beard. The next day I lay on the sweltering steel deck as hot as an oven under a b tropical sun that stabbed at my eyeballs. A Filipino nurse in passing, on her way over the side, quickly knelt beside me and passed me a stale bread roll, and gave me a drink of something that was wet and cool and later I realized it was weak tea. As I drank, she whispered in my ear in Togalog: "You will have food tonight. I will find you." It was St. M. The hard roll was mouldy and the rice dough was sour. But I knew there was more m to do. I ate it. It wasn't cake. Don't let anybody tell you that a starving man can find g sweetness in garbage, shoe leather and saw dust and the like. I've read those books too, but I've also had the experience, and I've lived with hundreds and thousands who have. You can swallow it, you can stomach it, you can even digest it,--but you can't like it or want it. I ate to live, that day. That seems a long long while ago.

I have never been able to understand why, from all other concentration areas, reports come of improvement in conditions, yet here in a hospital, needing so much, where the worst of our sick are concentrated, we have been fed and provided for so poorly. It is the Japanese way. A racial irritability to comprehend ordinary world or

standards. For example, in our report of conditions to the Japanese this month, we cite the fact that we are expected to cook for 1,000 patients with the same amount of firewood allowed us for 500, and that allowance for 500 already inadequate. Their only reply is that "Americans are extravagant." That, of course, is Japan's way of explaining to her denied masses of low standards why Japan does not give more to her people, why they have so little. They contend their ability as a 1st class nation to have as much as we have--if they wanted it. It is the childlike mind way of explaining, it is the A "Sour Grapes," of course. Nogi, in talking with Sartin recently, admitted that while he, Nogi, understood, most Japanese could not understand the occidental standard. Nogi is not bright. The rest of them understand it, too, but won't lose face by admitting it.

The painful feet and legs of dry beri beri (*Somololand Foot*) torments many of our patients now, denying them sleep or rest or any moment of real comfort. Even Morphine fails to serve adequately for relief. We have tried everything. Sedatives, vasodilation, heat, cold, etc. In a series in which we have given spinal anesthesia, temporary relief is obtained in some and made worse in others. Some who are temporarily relieved are even made worse subsequently. Big vitamine medication doses does not help. The one, well known fact remains that these cases have never been helped by anything by a full balanced ration and vitamine supple-

Somaliland

ment. Without the proper diet, vitamins cannot cure. This has all been explained to the Japanese. They know nothing scientific nature of these things. They act like sophomore medical students toward the problem.

In the last report to the Japanese we have plainly stated that the Occidental cannot, does not, and will not thrive on the Oriental regime.

One interesting observation is made in our Pellagra cases. One case was brought in to us from Fort McKinley. He had marked skin, and G.I. tract symptoms. He had some tattooing on him in red, green and blue. Where the red was present, violent pellagraous lesions appeared, while the blue and green area showed no such reaction. The patient states that other cases at McKinley were showing the same thing.

Diphtheria is appearing more frequently among us. Cases bobbing up more frequently. No real epidemic proportions however. We still have some antitoxin.

One year ago today, had been under heavy bombardment all day. Too busy with blood and mangled bodies to think of much else. There wasn't much in the way of hilarity as I remember. Everybody said "Happy New Year" however.

The Japanese make much over New Years. It is general housecleaning time for them and they pay up all their debts (like the Chinese) and everybody counts himself as one year older. A Japanese baby is 1 yr. old the day of birth. We had orders to proceed on a 2 day clean up thru out the hospital in accordance with the Jap custom. It is being complied with. The Japs have a three day holiday at this time, and are taking advantage of it.

The generally strained attitude on Sartin's part (and mine) lessened a little today when he sent for me and asked me to read his monthly report to the Japanese and say what I thought about it. My only comment was that the facts as stated were true but I was sure there would be some offense felt by it, but if he meant to put the hard facts before them I felt that the report was correct, altho even tho, only half telling the story. It was toned down some before he sent it in but even so, we will hear from it. Face saving means a lot to the Japs and they can't save face in the light of that report unless they crash thru with better sustenance and Japan isn't going to spend a dime on us if she can help it. Sartin quoted verbatim, two paragraphs from the Geneva Conference and then requested on that basis the full use of our pay and the privilege of mail and contact with the outside. The Japs have no intention of doing so but they must either admit not complying with the Geneva Treaty or do so. They stand to lose face either way. You will never get any concessions out of them without supplying an out for face saving.

We have begun a general mess here among the staff in this building. Everybody pays 15 Jap pesos monthly and with the money, is bought mango beans or whatever is available and added to the rice and water lilly soup for when the Japs charge us 60 Pesos monthly. It was lean pickings for a few days but the arrival of the British Red Cross boxes bolstered up our chow and it has helped a lot. The Britishers put up a dam good box. Of course there were tea, jam and cheese. And the irony of it all--my box contained a tin of creamed rice. Ugh! However, this new mess arrangement has broken up the cooking monopoly that Cross and his crowd have been permitted to exercise and against which I have bitterly fought

ever since we arrived here. At least, the galley now belongs to everybody and not to Cross and his proselytes.

The spanish class has now reached a point where I can do little for them but just conduct. We have completed the Grammar and read much and held conversational hours, written papers etc. What they need now is to use it and study it. Only one or two will do that. However, one can't do the studying for them. I have been besieged by several for entry into a new class which I am contemplating for Feb 1.

The Japs, after 7 mo. have finally built an O.R. for me. It looks like a miner's cabin in the Rockies, built in one end of the surgical ward. All wood. It will keep out flies and that, of course, is a big item, and make our supplies more secure, and insures a reasonable amount of privacy to the procedure. Morbid curiosity cannot be cured in the human beast but it can be frustrated to good advantage.

Jan. 2/43

Thirty eight Jap bombers went over today. Couldn't tell from our site, of course, whether they were coming in or going out. Probably for the south. Cold in the early mornings now. We stand bango long before day break and my Byrd jacket is a boon. I am reminded that this is 1943, and as I recall, the year Mr. Churchhill had decided upon as when Britain would make her offensive. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt having seen "eye to eye" (to quote Mr. Roosevelt after his meeting with the Linley on the high seas in the early part of last year) maybe we can expect our American offensive as well. Mr. Roosevelt must have made a New Years address but to date we have heard nothing of it.

The greens, the water lillies and pechoy (pee-chi) are still shoveled out of a truck on delivery to our galley. And they still stink and are

cluttered and mixed with egg shells and other debris that plainly tell its source as being some slop chute or hotel garbage barrell. Hardly esthetic, occidental, or apetitizing but true. It makes no difference if we refer to it as "greens in the garbage" or "garbage in the greens" it is still garbage, but they are still greens--and we eat it.

Jan. 4, 1943

The most despicable and unjust act of all came today, when Sartin, influences by no good Joses, and accepting the recommendation of the sneakest goddam yes man in captivity, Connell (senior dental officer present), sent Knight to Palawan. Offhand, I knew that a dental officer had been asked for by the Japanese to go to Palawan. The handling of the affair was kept quite out of my way, but I learned late yesterday afternoon that Knight had been designated. Of course I was not surprised. I was pretty dam sure that since there were no more army dentists to send, sure as hell one of my Corregidor outfit would go, and not one of the "original chosen veterans of Pasay." Knight is a no dam good bum, and he has never gorgiven me for passing him by as Regimental Dental officer and giving the job to a man his junior. But that decision was based on ability to do the job and no personalities involved. Knight, at least spent 6 mo. under fire with us while this gang enjoyed the security of scholastica and Pasay and then here. With five dam dental officers with them, and here now, who have never contributed an earthly dam thing to this war, they pick Hank Knight to go south to Palawan and keep their own dam worthless truck close within the fold. How Sartin could do that, could agree to such a thing is beyond me.

I am convinced that when a man becomes so dam concerned with maintaining a reputation as a "nice old man" among his immediate proselytes, he is not only useless to the objective at hand but absolutely dangerous.

As much as I detest Knight, as much reason as I have to feel ill toward him I certainly could never have done that to him nor could it have blinded me to the injustice of it all.

The business not being brought to my attention, I don't feel that I could say anything about. As far as I am concerned the old man is C.O. His right to make such decisions I will respect and defend--here. Had it been brought to my attention either by him or by Knight I certainly would have opened up. Sartin may think it ends here because of my silence. It won't. But it is better for the whole that the gauntlet be not thrown down here and now. However, it is evident that our Corregidor crowd are the next in order to go as going is called for. I'll have my innings yet over this Knight affair. That can't sleep forever. As for going out from here with a work party, I'm ready to leave any dam time and if it ever comes to recommending anybody from my surgical service, it will be one of the two of the original Canacao boys. I have on my Service, and if Sartin won't send him I'll go myself before I recommend any of my "fighting men" I'll go myself. That'll sort of bring the issue to a head and serve a good purpose.

Have had some trouble lately by being awakened at night with darting pains in my legs and hot burning paresthesias over my left thigh. No B-1 oral tablets are available but I have cut out rice (almost) and while I go around a little empty, I am feeling better by reducing my carbohydrates. The bit of increased Protein from the British Red Cross box has helped also. The night pains are enough to keep me awake and I just can't get comfortable. However I am better. Also have had a return of the intense

crotch and scrotal itch which we now know to be due to Vit. C deficiency. Most annoying. One wakes up clawing oneself to shreds.

While the death rate at Cabanatuan has lowered, reports reaching me here still show a death total of 150 for last month. That is still high, even tho improved. Conditions up there have been decidedly improved. The horrible conditions that have existed there must be recorded elsewhere, the accounts of men falling face down into the mud from weakness to drown or smother in the muck because he was too weak to move, dysentery wards jammed with patients stowed on tiers of shelves, no latrine facilities, no bed pans, their feces allowed to dribble thru their bamboo, swali and board beds to the deck and the deck washed down with a hose or buckets in the morning, and the fecal deposits under the barracks covered a bit with lime (when available), no bathing facilities, hardly enough water to drink.

Which reminds me that the Jap paymaster and supply officer for prison camps was in camp today and reports that he was not saluted and given the respects due him. He never has liked us anyhow because of our howl against the rotten fish and garbage and short weight rations he sends in to us. We can expect to pay a bit for todays episode. Incidentally the Japs havn't paid us this month at all. If we are paid again, the paymaster will probably hold off as long as he can just for the hell of it. Nogi has reported that Jap Headquarters has O.K.'d our allotment of one half of our "Postal Savings" for the care of the indigent sick in the hospital but they disallowed our allotment for relief of American nurses. I had fully expected that. But I believe it has suffered to draw their attention to the nurses status and they will benefit by it to some degree.

January 6, 1943

Yesterday we were given an American Red Cross box which has been a Godsend! Coffee! American cigarettes! American tobacco! Chocolate! Cheese! Hard tack! Canned milk! Butter! God what luxury! Also we shared one kit (ccc) between each two of us. I got a razor and five blades, the first shaving cream in 7 mos., a tooth brush but no tooth paste. (Havn't had tooth paste in over a year). Soap is a good substitute (when you have soap). some threat and needles (I need them badly) a comb and a cake of soap. Everybody has had a picnic of course. Cocoa, vitamin orange powder etc. also among the items. In the meanwhile, the Japs between Christmas and yesterday have been "very generous to us." Everybody was given a box of matches (Jap), a cake of soap (Filipino) and a fundachi (fanduchi) which is but a glorified loin cloth. Also Filipino made. Actual expense to Japanese exclusion of matches--0.00. I have worn fundachi's before. They are very convenient for tropical wear. Consist of nothing but a broad piece of sugar sacking on a string. The string goes around the waist, the flap from behind, between the legs diaper fashion, under the tied string in front and falls over the genitalia as an apron. We learn from the Japs that they received boxes from Japan, too. They contained paper balloons, paper dolls and paper hats and whistles. Typifies the mental age of their average adults better than anything I know of. The Japs have gotten plenty of the American goods however. In some instances, entire cases of cigarettes have been purloined. There were originally

tailor kits for every man out here. Many of the boxes are empty on arrival. Japs have been exhibiting our American stuff for a long time. We got the leavings and thankful for them.

We received the scuttlebutt today that Italy had surrendered. It came in to us in a unique way from the natives outside and they claim to have heard it on the radio. Such info. is not usually reliable but there are circumstances surrounding this report which make me think that even tho it is not the whole truth, something of significance may be at the bottom of it.

Hostages were brought in to us from McKinley today and interned here at Bilibid. They are hostages held because of an escape from McKinley of a Lt. Col. a Capt. and a Sgt. A rather foolish thing for one to do just now unless some very definite outside contact is available. I understand they pinned their faith on getting out of the Islands on the amount of gold they had. It won't work. And innocent hostages will suffer. The escape of 3 such men won't help the cause any or all of us would be all for it.

Today is just about the anniversary of the arrival in Bataan of the few remaining remnants of the 26th Cavalry. This Cavalry was stationed at Ft. Stotsenberg at the beginning of the war and was a scout unit. They went north, encountered the enemy who had landed at Lingayen and began a rear guard action which lasted from Dec. 23rd until Jan. 6-7. Less than 1/3 of this valiant cavalry regiment was left alive. It was a second Balaclava. A second "ride of the 600." A second Charge of the Light Brigade. Their last stand north of Hermosa where they formed a line and held while the remaining Filipine army entered Bataan via the

north Manila road, was the salvation of the entire campaign. The rear guard fighting from Dec. 23/41 to Jan 6/42, in daily contact with the enemy, with little or no food and rest, men and horses of the 26th cavalry, beyond any doubt, wrote the most glorious page of history of the campaign and unsurpassed anywhere in the military history of American Arms. Less than a third of those engaged reached Bataan. As a remnant they continued to serve in Bataan with glory and honor throughout. They were Wainwright's Cavalry. Col. Pierce (later Gen. Pierce) commanded them.

Jan. 7, 1943

More and more they are tightening up. Incommunicado becomes more and more emphasized. They have discontinued letting Cross go into Manila under guard to buy things for us. The Japs say the Gestapo are reporting to headquarters that the populace is learning too much what goes on in Bilibid. The Catholic Padre has been allowed to go to the church in town but now, that has been stopped. Joses and Connell were to go to a Dental laboratory to have a dental plate worked on and today were given a long spiel on "less contact with the outside." The Japs have again collected all radios in the city and are inspecting them to insure against their receptability of certain short wave bands. All this can either indicate a desire to prohibit news from us and Europe, unfavourable to the Axis, or it can mean they wish to prevent any general knowledge of intended Jap offensive moves (in event of failure). There are reasons to believe that the Japs are readying another Australian push. N has publicly said that Japan must settle down to a long war. There is now abroad among the Jap troops, the idea that the way to make it a short war is to take Australia. This propaganda has already been well disseminated among them and it would appear that they might risk anything to accomplish

this end before the fall of Europe. Australia is still our one jumping off place in the Far East. With Australia in Jap hands, the end of the European war would have less decisiveness or force on Japan, but without Australian conquest, the face of Europe will certainly place Japan on the target. They may try it.

The Japs were distinctly upset by our last monthly report. With such a report on file, face saving is difficult. Yakashesi was sent up here from Headquarters to find out why we ever put in such a report. It was explained to him that it was a medical report, a scientific report, and hence had to offer the facts and figures as they really were, and no smoothing of rough edges could be properly applied. The sum and substance could all be boiled down to this: "Here are the facts and figures showing the rate and method in which you are starving the Americans to death. The remedy is evident and we recommend its application."

No payday as yet this month. More or less expected to have some delay. The Jap Paymaster is a son of a bitch. He was in here recently and reported he was not accorded the respect due him. Expected some flare back from that.

Jan. 8/43

The war is 13 mos. old today. Some said it wouldn't last 6 mos. There was a time when I was "drinking three these islands that I could have believed that but not in the way the Polynesian artists meant it. Mr. Secretary of the Navy I think, allowed as how we'd smack hell out of them in 3 mo. Oh well, out of the 13 mo, I and my "fighting men" from Corregidor have just about split even - 6 mos fighting and 6 mos. of waking up every morning and seeing that dam red meat ball still flying over head.

No payday this month, as yet. Paymaster still made at us, I guess. Somebody said he was down or Mindinanso. I'd be willing to forego the payday if something rather terrible would seriously and permanently interfere with his ever returning.

A Manila newspaper coming into us, is headlining the call for all non belligerents holding Italian securities to report at once to the Bank of Taiwan. Difficult to say what that really means but can't help but feel that it is in some way hooked up with something not good for Italy.

Much dust. With the dry season comes the clouds of thick yellow, hot choking dust that blows into food, beds and everywhere. One remains caked with it.

We made out the receipt cards which were in our Red Cross packgs. and turned them in for transmittal. The Japs are supposed to mail them. Maybe by that agency the whereabouts of many of us may be made known.

The Command here had a bounce back already in their Harris case. I quit the Disciplinary Board because of the ridiculous and disgusting attitude displayed by Sartin in that case. Harris, thru his Chaplain friend, went completely free. Today he is back in the brig. Left his post of duty unauthorized. Sartin is said to be mad. He shouldn't be. After all, he contributed to the man's delinquency as much as the chinless Holy Joe. Better now to try all three of them. In the meanwhile the Chaplain has been publicly justifying his act of advising corpsmen to fight their superiors. Nothing done about it however. The chaplain's latest deal is to take a pair of old homemade wooden "go-sheads" that Hank Knight left here, and trade them sight unseen to a poor witless bastard for his Red Cross can of bacon. The kid realized he had been taken for a ride and came to Joses to report it. Joses remarked he could

do nothing about it and should settle it himself with the Chaplain. I was sitting nearby and heard it all. I remarked to Joses then that the Board was at that time investigating an officer for acts not as unworthy as that one. Joses hotfooted it over to see Sartin in a few minutes. If that pair of bastards had guts enough to have a decent opinion of their own which they weren't afraid to support, I could tolerate them much easier.

The staff members who have been living over in #3, moved into our building today and will joint our mess. Most of my Corregidor crowd are in that group. Of course there were a few remarks cast against "the stepchildren" and one would have thought the original Canacao crowd were granting some sort of favor in permitting them to join up in #4. Goddam the whole bigoted lousy outfit. "Gutless Goons." An interesting example of their constant defensive attitude was well illustrated recently when some Army Colonels jokingly put out an order purporting to cancel all "self made promotions, and phoney promotions while in captivity. (Many such assumptions have been made among the brethren, particularly "the home guards." One "questionably promoted 2½ striper of the Canacao medicos who never got out of Manila, when he heard of this order, believing it to be authentic, rushed up to me to question if such officers as Wade, Hogshire et al who were junior to him "before the war" would be allowed to keep their promotions if he had to give his up! Man, when I finished with that rank conscious ass, he had had a lecture on "Mex promotions" that would have made anybody with any guts or insight, mad. He had no answer for my remarks that "The promotions of every officer who served with me are bona fide - approved by the department and cannot be questioned.

You and your crowd are certainly open to question. You may lose yours but my officers will never lose theirs no matter where you signal number belongs. The truth is, their promotions are phoney. And furthermore, they know it.

Have a copy of the propoganda speech delivered by Benigno S. Aquino, now Commissioner of the Interior, delivered to the Filipine Army officers at Statsenberg before their release. Aquino has always been a son of a bitch. The speech was plainly written for him by the Japanese, however. Aquino could not have written it. There were some truths in it, of course which anyone in the know could not very well deny. However, it was for feth in interpretation. Also a rec of the exploits of the Jap Navy in the 1st year of the war has come to me. It is well arranged graphically for publication as propoganda. Again we must admit certain truths in it. After all, Honolulu was no dream but a harsh reality. It was wicked, and it doesn't improve in appearance on paper either.

Scuttlebutt and newspapers locally report a repeated attempt by Japanese to land a new force in New Guinea. The general report is that tho attempt failed and the Japs lost heavily. We suffered both ship and plane losses also.

Jan. 11/43

The Filipinos have been issued a Canadian Red Cross box. Today we were issued a south african Red Cross box, $\frac{1}{2}$ box to each man, one box to 2 people. The paucity of boxes was hardly explainable. Originally there were plenty. To an American CCC box was divided between each two of us, the boxes containing 1 soap, some thread and needles, 1 shaving cream, one tooth paste, one razor. Rather difficult to divide. However we are

all greatly in need of these items. There is little doubt that this box was never meant to be divided. We get the leavings, but even the leavings are welcome.

Emergency belly case today. Nogi was present during the operation. I happened to mention to him that the man had a white blood count of 30,000. After a little while he asks: "How much ought the count to be." I cite this a matter of general interest and commentary upon the state of Res Medicinae thruout the world. This case presented some interesting features. The pain (abdominal) was a typical appendiceal pain with a history and laboratory report which could indicate nothing but operation. Chest was ruled out etc. The appendix was normal. However, this case has been a "foot pain" sufferer, great numbers of which we have had developing among us, beri beri and pelagra neuritides. Immediately following spinal anesthesia for operation, this man complained bitterly of intense aggravation of his foot pain, in spite of the fact he had sufficiently complete anesthesia for his operation. This is in accord with other foot pain cases we have seen. But this case went further. I noticed that while he complained bitterly of his foot pain all the time, when intestine or o or mesentery was handled, he would cry out - with sudden aggravated la pain in his feet - but no pain at site of operation. When it is recalled that the mesenteric and colliac plexi are derived from the 2nd and 3rd sacrals, and the Vagus and when one realizes that the vagus is known to be involved in about 100% of all beri beris, and the lumbo-sacral levels most involved, it would appear that the sympathetic nervous system is extensively involved in these vitamin deficiency diseases. Furthermore, the abdominal pain was most likely caused - from the same etiological source. I have seen many cases here in consultation in reference to acute severe abdominal pains,

in food deficiency cases, some with "painful foot syndrome and some without and have not operated many of them because they suggested other than surgical pathology altho simulating to a great degree appendicitis, diverticulitis, gall bladder disease, kidney stones. One sign they have all lacked--rigidity. One case I did operate, removed an innocent appendix. Patient was relieved for 2-3 weeks. Condition recurred on the opposite side of abdomen and offered an identical picture. Cleared up under diet and Vitamine therapy after 2 weeks and has not had a recurrence in past two months.

In the South African boxes were 1 can cornbeef and 1 can mixed vegetables. Brothers! They were good! God! But they were good!

Today, Nogi took Sartin over into the other compound on the other side of the wall to see Barnbrooke. Barnbrooke is the man who escaped from here sometime ago and whom the Japs claim they captured within a few days. However, Barnbrooke had just been brought here a few days ago and he looked in good shape and Sartin's visit was apparently to recognize the man for the Japs, so the chances are they had just retaken him. Nogi told Sartin that Barnbrooke was "awaiting trial." The gestapo is clicking well outside and no feeling. I have known that for a long time. Barnbrooke is an old timer out here in Manila, use to tend bar here before the war, had connections and all that sort of thing. Even he with his set up couldn't indefinitely survive the gestapo. The only way to beat the game is to have a definite prospect of immediately leaving the Island as soon as you make a break and that's a dam difficult feat just now.

January 12/43

The things man thinks of in captivity--12,000 miles away from all he holds dear--after complete isolation from his world for over a year--after 8 mo. of complete incomunicado--in prison. It's funny, the hours I've spent in living, in my dreams, in that house I've planned along the Lynhaven in old Tidewater Virginia. But one can only do so much of that thing. Then it hurts and you get stir whackey.

Somebody managed to get a victrola into camp and some records. It has been bad medicine. "If I had my way" greeted me as I tried to crowd myself into sleep recently. "My Prayer," "Always Forever." God, what a miserable night I spent--and others. I have steeled myself well against myself, against memories, the night--have beens, the use-to-be's, the probabilities and possibilities--even have I been able to fight out the full realization of the present--not this dam music box isn't any help. "Sunrise Serenade" is a knife in my guts. Silly that I should be such a sentimental hound. I am not supposed to be. I wonder what those who have dubbed me "Terrible Tommy" would say if they really knew the p of my heart for tears that my eyes must never know.

Mosquitoes are now almost unbearable at night. One must keep moving all the time and fanning and waving them away. Still, only about 50% of us have nets. Lists, requests, and attention being called to the situation still helps none.

Jan. 13, 1943

The Paymaster got around to us today. I drew my 25 pesos. The Japs keep 60 P's for board and feed me a few centavos worth of mouldy rice and waterlillies daily, or putrid fish occassionally; or send in a pig carcass with the meat all hacked off it. Another cute skinny of theirs, is to send in a hell of a big fish--meat off it--head, bones and tail.

And it isn't roses and violets when it arrives either.

They changed their minds on allowing us to allott one half our remaining Bayonet Money Income to the food welfare fund of the camp. Cols. could allott 50 P's, Lt Col. 40 P. May 30, Capt. 10. and that's all. That nets about 2300 P's which can be spent to improve the mess of about 800 souls for 30 days. About 66 centavos a day per man. It really works out that we will be able to give one better meal a week, with blackeyed peas and pork, or mongo beans, or something of that kind. Nogi says they mustn't allow any more allotted because "it may cause inflation." As if all of this useless unbacked paper wasn't inflation.

The dry season is well upon us now. The dry powdery dust blows in and covers everything. Sand and yellow dust in your throat, eyes, food, bed, hair. Everywhere! Thick dry hot dust. But this is the cooler dry season. In fact, the early mornings are quite cold. Later comes sweltering parching months.

We learn by devious means and several sources of the President's New Year's speech on the state of the nation. Our impression, arrived at here, is that everything is O.K., not much strain, yes, there is a little war going on for a while. Most of the speech devoted to what we must do after the war. General effect among the prisoners here is that--"Oh hell, sure, lost a few out there in the islands--that was only to be expected--we'er doing O.K.--everybody working here--eating well--just a matter of a while etc etc." Of course, personally, we naturally feel that we would like to be remembered enough to have some efforts made on our behalf for exchange or for better food assurance. However, looking at it from a military man's aspect, this handful of us out here don't amount to a dam, we were written off the books even before the campaign

opened, and from a good military viewpoint shouldn't even occupy anybody's thoughts for a moment. Our greatest personal (selfish) encouragement can be derived from the knowledge that our country is the lousiest military aggregation in the world, couldn't be war minded and consequently probably won't consider us from a good military aspect.

Our reportings to Nogi of the increasing incidence of our foot-pain cases, resulted in his direction that a "Committee be appointed to study the condition." I have been unfortunate enough to be chosen to head this Commission and have selected ten medical officers to serve as members. The whole situation is asinine. There certainly isn't anything new, mysterious, or unique about this painful foot syndrome. It has been described and written upon voluminously as the polyneuritic pain of beri beri and Pellagra. There isn't a case among us which isn't a text book picture of food deficiency disease. The cause and cure is obvious to one, be he Occidental or Oriental. We have been starved, and food would clear up this painful condition, and food alone. Even allowing for the very poor understanding of res medicinae on the part of our captors, it is difficult for me to believe that the denial of the remedy for this painful situation is entirely based on ignorance. Only partly so. However, this directive to us from Nogi to investigate the situation merely gives us another opportunity to flaunt the ever red flag before the Japanese again and tell them and show them that they are starving us and that we know it. I will bet my next 25 Jap paper pesos that before we ever get a chance to report on this condition that the Japs will realize they don't want a report on the business and will work overtime at some face saving answer-- but do nothing to remedy the situation.

Our records show that we have 388 such cases with us right now, and more appearing every day, complicated by corneal ulcers and otherwise damaged eyes as a part of nutritional disturbances. This Commission is not in any position to learn anything new but if it can gain anything in the way of food for the sufferers it will have served a great purpose. So we will proceed on dignified technical and scientific lines, report, and recommend. At least it gives us another opportunity to legitimately wave the flag again and ask for food.

Jan. 15, 1943

Soon it will be spring in Tidewater--Goddam that Victrola--"Ah Sweet Mystery of Life"--"Always Forever"--"If I had my Way"--The "Terrible Tommie," "The son-of-a-Bitch", is nothing but a sentimental kid after all. Call it that if you want to. I have another name for it.

The Japanese Military Police--the Gestapo--were here today "investigating a cigarette deal in town. This is to constitute a long story before it is over. I will write of it later. It is worth recording in full. The dust rolls in in great yellow clouds. It is either mud, dust, bugs or mosquitoes and garbage all the time. However--we survive.

Jan. 16, 1943

Today I have again been to town. It was the usual ordeal. I do not like going to town. I am more cognizant of being a prisoner when I am out than here within these walls. Nogi took me to Manila this morning to go to the Philipine General Hospital and The Institute of Hygiene in regard to our investigation of "the sore foot syndrome." I had suggested to Nogi that certain laboratory procedures be done for us by those institutions, procedures which we here in Bilibid could not do because

of lack of facilities and material. We rode thru the streets to his Headquarters by carameta. It was a soft morning and there was the smell of the dew damp fresh green turf in the parks. There were flowers, and the sky bright. It was like Spring--in Tidewater. The color was refreshing after the blank white walls--dirty yellow and block of the prison. But I was guarded, and as usual, everyone peared at me--American Prisoner--and I noticed that this time I was not given knowing glances from passersby. The natives are more afraid of the Gestapo than before. They are not as free with their demonstrations. There is a decided increase in things Japanese. More Japanese signs are in evidence, more advertisements in Japanese, more streets renamed and labelled in Japanese, the entire place more Orientalized. The boys are really plastering on the "Coprosperty Sphere of East Asia" thickly. The city seemed peaceable enough, business going on in what seems a fairly normal fashion altho not to the same degrre as before the war. War time in Manila is still Manila, the same words to different music. At the Filipine General Hospital I saw the Director of the Hospital and Deane of the Medical School, Dr. Sisson. I had met him before the war. I outlined my needs. They were very few. His laboratory to examine my autopsy specimens and to do complete blood chemistry exams on our test cases. Very agreeable as usual. Very willing. However--they were short of R.I. and I reagents for certain parts of the blood chemistry exams. With much play acting, mannerisms of sadness, regret, appeal, desperation etc. he explained this to me. Much arm waving, doleful facial expression, and the like. Nogi was there with me of course. I knew all this was for Nogi's benefit. Finally he turns to Nogi--his face lights up as tho' with

a very novel, strange idea--it was great seting--"Ah--my friend Dr. Nogi, no doubt you could help us in this reagents we so sadly need!" And then he really open up on Nogi and the Imperial Japanese Army as tho their greatest act on earth could be to supply those reagents. There isn't any doubt these Orientals know how to approach Orientals. Nogi agreed to do all he could. Our business ended there.

Then over to the Institute of Hygiene where I saw Dr. De Leon again. De Leon had been a big help during the prewar days when I first arrived here. Talked with him and his Vitamine Assayist and chemist, arranged for Phosphorous estimations to be run on our Bilibid rice, obtained figures of previous assays on rice and the rice varieties here, and some data on the standardization of Tiki Tiki. I obtained an A.M.A. symposium from them, not the most recent on Vitamins by any means, but with reference data much more definite than anything available to us in Bilibid. We left there about eleven and we walked. It was a great morning for walking--under other circumstances, we strolled along the sea wall. The bay lay insolvent and still. The smell of the salt sea was refreshing. Despite the acts of fate and the will of the Gods that directs my destiny, at heart I am a sailor--not a soldier. All my life I am of the sea--and then fight my big war of a life time--ashore, as a soldier. Phooey! Just above the old "300" club, around the circle from the metropolitan theatre and "Rosies Dress shop," there is a little cafe that fronts the sea. Nogi and I sat there and drank iced coffee and ate rice cakes. Both of them lousy but there we sat and I smoked an American cigarette and looked out to sea. My only thought--the only thing my mind could register--"what a hell of a way to fight a war! A prisoner after only six months in the field!" Of course, as I sat there looking out to sea, knowing that in another few

minutes I would loaded into a carameta and jog-jogged back to Bilibid, I could not help but remember that from the day I received my orders to proceed on this mission in the Philipines, I resigned myself to calling into the hands of the enemy early or else being 6 ft. under. I was then picturing myself as eating fish heads and rice for the duration--if I ate at all--Frankly, I didn't expect at the beginning to have as long as 6 mos. with the fighting forces. Anyhow--here I am. I can't complain that I have been disappointed. As we came out of the cafe to board our carameta for Bilibid, a huge transport plane with the big red fried egg on the fuseloge sailed over rather low. Nogi with his very thick myopia glasses, and hanging on to his family sword gazed up and then told me it was "the Singapore express" coming in. They have a daily plane for Singapore according to Nogi.

February 6, 1943

Tonight I saw a phenomenon in the heavens I have never witnessed before. Old Whitney, who was navigator in the old Sapello when I served in her years ago, and now a prisoner here with us, told me he had never witnessed such a thing before. Whitney has been quite a student of the stars for years. Low in the western sky just after dark, hardly above the prison walls, hung the moon, a bottom quarter showing as a rich slice of red gold, and the pale shimmery outline of the rest of it, almost eclipsing Venus, riding light a huge lantern hung on the hour of the golden quarter. I have never seen them so closely set together and suspended as they were, above in the deep blanket blue of the night sky, it was a spectacle of beauty, something more than that, even a little awe inspiring.

Naturally the phenomenon encouraged talk of the stars somewhat, so it was only natural that one should think of astrology as well as astronomy. I recalled a prophecy made by a prominent astrologer (I think it was a woman) long before we ever got involved in this war, back in the days when little Finland was kicking hell out of Russia, that a new leader would come out of the North and settle the European affairs and save the world from Hitler etc. If all we hear can be believed, Uncle Joe Stalin seems to have answered all of the criteria to date. Then I recall another prophecy from a similar source to the effect that Mr. Hitler's wars were no longer in the ascendancy after 1942. To date, it would seem so. There was still another--that Hitler would die in March 1943. If the third one crashes thru I'm converted.

Have not written here for sometime. My service has been quite active in the past few weeks, the "Research Committee" has been quite active in reference to our "Painful Foot" syndrome, have been finishing up my spanish class and already have a beginner's class under way, am now holding a weekly class in Advanced Spanish Grammar, and am about to begin a class in English. In addition, more of my Corpsmen have reported in here from up North at Camp O'Donnell and I have been busy with their war records. One of them is a lad I have had reported to me several times as dead. Those corpsmen were taken prisoner in Bataan while serving at Hosp. #1 & 2. The Jeeps have done away with the hospital at O'Connell. Now, as practically all of the Phillipinoes (most of the prisoners at O'Donnell were Philipinos) have been restored to their homes (after a period of indoctrination) and those not able to travel have been transferred to hospitals thruout the Provinces. Over 25,000 of them have died from Malaria, dysentery, starvation and its kindred diseases, 1,500 Americans have died there up to 6 mos. After the surrender.

More of my corpsmen have arrived from Corregidor as they clear "the Rock of Americans." These boys have not been respected as medical personnel but have worked at hard labor and general detail. One of these men just returning from Corregidor is one of, if not the bravest fellow we had with us--in a sensible way. Another one of them is a hell of a swell guy, great worker, awarded the Army Citation of "The Silver Star" for gallantry in action. Sails from Portsmouth. We had a long talk about Old Tidewater Virginia--and again I was homesick as hell.

This Corregidor contingent arriving at the right time with pep news rescued most of the camp from a hell of a morale slump incident to a report of the last few days that we had lost 2 battleships and three cruisers down south in recent fleet engagements. The boys who have been daily expecting the "yanks with the Tanks" were really whipped down and wilted. The Corregidor contingent brings in a lot of "I heard it myself on the radio" news, all of it encouragingly thrilling and the boys take a new lease on life.

The new spanish class required me to find a new class room. We have moved from the old dungeon into what use to be the old execution chamber of Bilibid. I can imagine what a grim hideous picture we would make to any of our people back home could they peer in on us suddenly as we convene. Scrawny and scraggly short Khaki tunics, most of us wearing beards or scraggly moustaches for the want of razor blades, gathered about a crude plank table, a jagged triangular piece of wall board set up against the deep set bars in the thick stone walls of the dismal stone floored cell. What a class! What an Alma Manny! Bilibid'49?

Have just read the monthly report in the smooth which we turn in to the Japs on "The Circumstances of the Camp." In the main, it is but a repetition of all other months, graphically revealing the starvation rations of the Imperial Jap Army as issued to prisoners. The figures and facts show that this month we have been furnished less food in total calories than ever before, less in wt., less in the much needed protein and fresh stuff. Even less rice. Less everything. A brief preliminary report on our "Painful Foot Syndrome" investigation was included, definitely showing findings which labels the etiology as starvation and the needed therapy is food. They won't like that worth a dam. They are already Welching on their interest. About a week ago, Sikaguchi and the Chief of the Med. service of the Japanese Army in the Philipines came out to see these painful foot cases and already began their face saving by remarking we should have reported the cases sooner. The answer to that is, of course, we have been reporting food deficiency diseases and deaths ever since we've been here but it amounts to nothing. Nogi has known about these cases all along. Sikaguchi was in there pitching early to save face. My prophecy had come true. The Japs realized that by asking us to investigate and report on these cases, that they had stirred up another feature which further placed them in a hell of a light as a civilized matron, bringing to light and emphasizing again, their starvation of prisoners, and giving us another opportunity to legally ask for more food. The little bit of food we received via Red Cross activities has done much to help our most cases and has been a boon to all of us. But, careful as we have been with our Red Cross supplies they are now just about exhausted. Our only sugar now is "horse sugar," lumps of hard dirty brown stuff which we melt down, strain out the grasshoppers, horse manure, bugs, and use as

a liquid for sweetening. A good example of how American outfits are faring as Japanese prisoners, out of 111 men of the materiel section of the 47th Bombing Squadron, we know definitely that 102 have died directly or indirectly due to insufficient food. Only 4 were lost in combat.

I tried to make a contact but found it inadvisable to send anything in to me. I received the word that the attempt was made however. Things are dam tight just now. They plant Germans et al among us in these camps as "American Prisoners." One has to be very careful. Can spot several but may be not all. By planting a German in Santo Tomas, ten inmates are now in the Bastile Dungeons of Fort Santiago.

Feb. 12/43

On Feb. 7/43, Sunday, took communion under the old Mango Tree which is still our chapel. On Mon Feb. 8/43, I dug down into my sock and collected enough Bayonet pesos to buy some eggs and a papaya and I went back to where Charlie Le Conte, Bob Herthneek, Bernie Langdon and Art Barrett now have their mess and I put on a birthday breakfast for us. For one more time at least we all had a protein meal. For one more time at least we ate a meal minus rice. Then I went over to see Comdr. Goodall. One year ago on my birthday, they brought "Hap" Goodall into me pretty well shot up in both feet and legs. He was commanding a 30 footer which they had outfitted with steel sides and mounted machine guns behind them, and they would run them in to the beach and attack Jap contingents de in the sea caves along the coast and the land forces unable to get to them. On such a mission, a hostile plane bombed and strafed them. One bomb blew up when under the boat. Hap's feet caught hell.

One of them I knew I could save. There was some doubt in my mind about the other. While I was scrubbing in preparation to operating him, Hap sent for me. He was already on the table, all set to go. Hap was dam serious when he told me that he didn't want to lose that foot if there was anyway possible to save it. I gave him the usual stock comeback about "amputating nothing for which there is any hope," "can always amputate but can't put em back" etc., but reserving in the end, the right of judgement depending on what I might find. However, I must admit, had Hap not impressed me with his ardent plea for that foot, I think I would have amputated one of them. As it was, I molded and jiggled the frgments around and made some semblance of a thing with 5 toes on it. Today I am glad I did. He has a reasonably good foot and at this writing I believe that eventually we will be able to operate him-again (at the proper time) and give him a painless wt. bearing foot, a little shorter than the fellow of the opposite side.

The Japs paid us again. Allowed me 25 Pesos for personal upkeep, kept out 60 for board (it grows more ridiculous each month), allowed me to allott 40 for upkeep of indigent in hospital, and they "deposit" for me 95 P's.--all Bayonet money--hot off the printing press, and not a dam thing to back it up.

Feb. 4, 1943. Sunday

Services at 10 under the mango tree. Ed Nelson, Stan Smith and Art Barrett got together and made a lead off chair. It helped out a lot.

Padre Wilcox was very pleased with his service this morning. He likes lots of singing. The details of the cigarette deal that has raised so much here around here can now be told. Sometime in December, a Red Cross ship arrived at Manila with individual boxes for prisoners. How they were distributed has been told. In addition there were many cases

of cigarettes, enough for a carton per prisoner. Work parties of American prisoners unloaded them. Wholesale looting of the cigarettes was observed. Eventually when they were issued, each of us received 2 pkgs. of cigarettes. Just what made the Japs get interested in the number of cigarettes we received, we still do not know, but there was suddenly a frantic effort on their part to save face for having not delivered all Red Cross cigarettes to American Prisoners. The Gestapo came out to Bilibid and questioned both Japs and Americans. In the meanwhile, one Jap Sgt. had his locked trunk in one of our prison store rooms. He was known to have a goodly supply of American cigarettes from the time of the unloading. Several of the Japs were taken to Headquarters and confined. It finally developed that all this activity of the Gestapo was not to reveal the whereabouts of lost cases of cigarettes. A few pkgs. had been sold by the American prisoners to the outside citizens via a native Calesa driver who came here daily. The men could get 2.50 P's a pack for their cigarettes and with that money, but much needed food. The Japanese played this up in a big way, implying that Americans had stolen their own cigarettes and were selling them. This was their answer to where case after case of undelivered cigarettes went. Childish, of course, silly and idiotic, a face saving demonstration, which to them seemed very complete in its answer to the whole matter. My 9 year old boy himself would have better sense than to be so publicly ridiculous.

During this affair, Japanese officers calmly took out their Camel cigarettes when visiting here and smoked them in front of us. They incarcerated the calesa driver and sent in 2 pkgs. of 4¢ Japanese

cigarettes (Gawd-awful-even the Japs don't smoke em when they can get ours) per prisoner. Then came the payoff. Sartin and his chiefs of services (therefore including yours truly) had to assemble in front of the office and Nogi read a long reprimand about what a serious offense we had committed in selling cigarettes giving us by Red Cross and thus putting the Jap Imp. Forces in a very bad light and suspicioned of wrong-doing. But the Jap Forces would forego any punishment because maybe we didn't know we were violating a Jap Army Regulation in so doing. Furthermore, the Jap Insp. Forces had taken 300 Pesos from the Caleza driver, "no doubt the illgotten profits" from his cigarette sales, and was turning the money over to the hospital for use among the indigent sick. Still no word about the cases which never were delivered. Of course the asinine aspects were too evident to miss. This chastisement was because we, the staff, didn't know about it, and stop it. Our answer to that was, that we still didn't know anything about it, and apparently their own guards didn't or they would or should have stopped it. I have a copy of the silly assed speech that was read and filed it. It's a honey. In return, Sartin was to file a letter of apology and all that sort of thing. Of course, once that letter of apology was delivered, they had a face saving document which they interpreted as an admission of guilt on our part, but there wasn't much else Sartin could do. He filed it with the remark that he was doing it to keep everybody happy and considered the 300 Pesos of value to the sick at this time. Within 24 hrs. the Japs were publishing the outcome of their investigation, shifting all blame to the Americans--but still by passing the only important question, "where are the cases of cigarettes which never reached the Americans. And so--ve, the tricky Americans were very bad. Consequently we get 300 Bayonet Pesos, 2.4¢ pckgs. of Jap hay cigarettes per person, a reprimand but no punishment,

Cealeza driver goes to jail and loses 300 Pesos (or did he?) and the Japs look in a mirror and see a clean face. But still we want to know-- "Where in the hell are those cases of cigarettes the Americans never saw?" They can't answer that one with a clean face.

Dust! Much dust! Uncomfortable.

Today is Valentine's Day. Which reminds me that the Japs revamp our calendar by decree, Sunday is no longer a Sabbath holiday. Sunday is a full work day. Friday is all day rest day now. (silly bastards).

Yakashesi, the boy with the dual Jap. Amer. citizenship, the boy with so much Seattle and West Coast commercial interests, assisted by Hitaji, the little dwarf "interpreter" who can't speak English, are now giving a night course in Japanese spoken language. Many attend. I couldn't get worked up to it. The less contact I have with anything Nippinese the more endurable is my existence here. God knows its bad enough but it can be much worse. Months ago, when one worked, slept, and ate (what little there was to eat) with shells and bombs pounding away constantly, I wondered many times how swell it might be with the din and the wham gone, the decks running red with blood, the passages piled with legs, arms, and body fragments. Now as I sit here day by day prisoner, isolated, inactive, contributing nothing, just waiting--and for what?-- I realize there are worse things than the road of battle, the cries of wounded, the heat and furor of action. I realize that this is a hell of a way to fight a war. There was a time when no one could have told me that I would long for the hell of battle. But there are worse things in war, and this hellish incomunicado incarceration behind the enemy's lines, bombarded daily with his propaganda drivel, subject to the whims

and commands of an undeveloped, sadistic, ignorant race, helpless to aid or contribute one dam thing to the tide of war, to prepare oneself for a life time, and after six months of action, to find oneself out of the game, crossed off the list of effectuals--"missing in action, probably in the hands of the enemy." Just one of the "living dead." A zombie. A hell of a note!

Native guerrilla troops are surrendering in large bands. The Japs still promise them freedom if they turn themselves in. A big group (500) passed thru here recently, spent one night with us. They were from Mindinao. Another group followed them. They were in pretty good physical shape. No intercourse of any kind was allowed between them and Americans. Japs were very emphatic about that.

Feb. 17, 1943, Friday

So called "All day holiday" by the Japs. They have officially substituted Friday for Sunday as the rest day of the week. Friday is Co. prosperity Sunday. A few days ago Nogi sent for me to come to the front office where I was introduced to his friend, a young Japanese lad, who has been imported here from Japan to teach in the schools and is called a "Professor of English." He is one of Nogi's classmates whom Nogi was telling me about when I was out with him last time. This "Prof. of English" is charged with the job of writing radio propaganda and he had a script he had written and wanted me to read it and correct it, because being an English Professor it was essential that it be absolutely correct in form. The boy does speak a good English and has a very good vocabulary but the usual Japanese errors naturally creep in. The Jap language does not have any articles and this script was devoid of "the" and "a" and "an." He frequently lost himself in trying to be emphatic

by running in a lot of words meaning exactly the same thing, one after another. The subject matter was all about the Japanese home training of children, the position of father mother and children in the home and the Government of Japan being a similar set up, the European being the Big Papa. It had much to do with woman being glad to subjugate herself in behalf of husband, and the children belonging as much to the Emperor as to the parents. And similar such stuff, attempting to justify the set up by such things as "That is why our Army and Navy is so great today etc." plainly assuming a premise which is yet to be proven. I asked him to read it for me aloud, which he did. Well, if he broadcasts it, there isn't any need to get excited over what harm it will do. For while he has a command and understanding of English, his pronunciation will completely blotto the whole works.

He brought me in two installments and I went over them. The extent of my corrections didn't help it a hell of a lot, in spite of my display of professional interest. That crap won't get far with the Philipinos. After all, the family devotion to each other and belonging to each other is one of the outstanding characteristics of the Filipino and when you start talking to them about raising children "for the Emperor" you are starting out on a tough course.

Nogi arrived here from Cabanatuan recently with a half dozen half grown pigs in a truck. They aren't for us, but Nogi brought them here to be raised. One was already dead en route. So we built a pig pen in the upper compound and the pigs are rotting hell out of things, when the rains come I guess we will have to build a house for them. The boy who takes care of them has a fancy arm band to wear with a lot of Jap characters all over it which says "Keeper of the Pigs." Arm bands are in fashion.

Everybody has one telling what he does around the place.

Food grows more and more difficult to get. Manage to get some papaya occassionally but otherwise--rice, waterlillies. Did get some cabbage several times but costs like hell and our money we are allowed won't support us. The sub rosa money that came into me has been a big help but that is about gone. However, money is no good if there is nothing to buy. Understand now that they are even shipping rice out of here. Everything going out, nothing coming in. A little sugar was released at a hellish price. Everybody in the city is rationed on all food stuffs. Ten sacks allowed in here which lets each of us buy about 2 oz. each.

The Japs now bring in moving pictures at times. The stunt is to show some American picture and then fill up with Jap propoganda. It is not even subtle. Many attend. I have very little interest and have attended neither of the two shows they have given. The last time, however, I had to go up there to get my O.R. crew for an Emergency. The propoganda picture was on. Their Holy word is even more imbecilie than ours. However, a glance thru one of their movie magazines will show you some very beautiful samples of feminine pulchritude but very very much occidentalized. And--only the bust pictures are beautiful. They are physically awkward and do not have the grace and poise and wily seranity of flowing motion which has come to be the occidental conception of grace. They do not radiate living "sinew-ity." They walk and act as tho pulled along by, or dangled on a cord.

My new Spanish class continues well. My advanced class was discontinued owing to the majority of the students going to Cabanatuan. Saturday night I begin shorthand, something I have always wanted to know. On next Tuesday

I am beginning Astronomy with old Pilat Whitney. When we were in the old S together we use to discuss the stars together. This is an excellent opportunity to systematize my previous and past experience with the stars. Always an interesting subject. The stars are friends that are always with us no matter where we are. Many years ago, I can remember how I became very much interested in Astronomy and certain stars seem more friendly than others, one comes to consider them intimately. To me, Fomalhaute has always been a favorite. To see Fomalhaute low in the western horizon, right in the fishe's mouth, is like greeting an old old friend.

The news coming in to us of late has been chiefly of a fracas of sorts in the Solomons again. The subro reports and the Jap propeganda papers tend to shake down into the fact that the Japs have failed in a new Soleman endeavor. The chances are we have Guadelcanar. There is no way for us to accurately judge relative losses. This push of the Japs was apparently the one they were backing up for sometime ago when we d ~~drove~~ a campaign was in the making, and the lid was tightened on our incommunicado regime.

We were recently visited by a group of medical officers, one of them said to be Professor of Orthopedics in one of the Jap universities. He came into our O.R. and asked a series of questions about like one of our sophomores in medical school. Any half assed Diploma Mill graduate in the U.S. could go to Tokyoo and be #1.

Mosquitos hellish. Bedbugs bad. Crab lice plentiful. Flies a constant pestilence. Weather remains good but very dusty. Soon will come the heat.

Young officer (Army) from Wilson, Carolina, with whom I used to mess over on the rock until the Japs shelled us out, paned thru here recently. He came over and spent the night in our barracks over peanut hull coffee and we talked of Carolina--Wilson, Eureka--Little Washington, Manteo, Nag's Head--Christ, I don't know whether I enjoyed it or not. I think both of us were homesick enough to commit harikari.

Feb. 22, 1943

George Washongton's Birthday but no celebrating here in old Bilibid College. More and more fed up on this in the Co. Prosperity sphere. Dust, bordome, a feeling of being a useless dam piece of humanity, enemy propoganda,--well, the routine work, my spanish class, astronomy and shorthand, all serve to keep me from going nuts. As for shorthand, I doubt if I have the type or sufficiency of brains to learn it. But I will keep plugging at it. It is certainly not an interesting thing. So utilitarean as to be dull, but once acquired, a very great asset. So I'll plug it out.

In an effort to combat the dust old "Pap Seale" has made a home made sprinkler. He fitted a gas pipe on a gas drum, put holes in the pipe and put the entire thing on wheels. They fill up the tank and put the contrivance all over the prison compound. The ground is baked so dry thus it drinks up the water as fast as it falls but it helps a lot after continial sprinkling. Everything constantly covered with the dead gray hot choking dust.

This shift to red ink is a part of the Co. Prosperity sphere--Nippon go--black ink or blue ink--"scarce." Scarcity is the watchound of our Nippon. Go rocket in the East Asia sphere.

Nogi reports always--"scarce." But according to him it is always scarce everywhere in the world. Paper is so scarce he has enjoined us not to write one requests but to ask them verbally. Ink--very scarce. Pencils--hardly any more anywhere. Along with scarcity I can quote today that for P 1.50 you can buy a sample size of toothpaste (very inferior grade). A duck egg can be purchased for 13 centavos, a 5¢ papaya can be had for 35-50 centavos. A small Batangas Orange the size of a plum can be had for 10-15 centavos. For 25 centavos you can acquire as many peanuts as you can hold in the hollow of one hand. A dried cocoanut is 10 centavos. Soap is very scarce and the price prohibitive. I have ten pesos a month to supply myself with supplementary food articles (which must be done to maintain health) and other toilet gear items, as well as to donate to the non paid group. It all adds up to being able to have two good protein meals a week. I use my shaving cream which came in my Red Cross box for tooth paste, on a brush that is so old and soft and worn that it is more like a mop. This lowly article in the human cosmos, known as toilet paper, can assume a dam important place in the affairs of men,--when there isn't any--nor paper of any kind--and all of us a dam long ways from a cornfield. Practically all of our Red Cross boxes have been consumed now. They were a great lift. There is apparently still a supply in the hands of the Japs yet, because yesterday they dealt out 1 can corned beef, one can mixed vegetables, to each man. They will dribble out stuff like that in such a way that it will effect no great good. Anything but driplets they consider "American extravagance." They constantly harp on "American Extravagance." Our standards of living are too far apart to ever permit us as two peoples to see eye to eye. Allowing for the truth that we of America have enjoyed

more cream than necessary, or even good for us, at least there are certain proven physiological minimums of which the Japanese have no cognizance whatsoever. They have been a "have not" race so long, and have been so bludgeoned into a masochistic philosophy of life characterized martyrism for the Emperor that they can understand nothing else. The day following the surrender of Corregidor, a Jap officer (graduate of an American University) talking to me said: "You are unfortunate in falling into the hands of a people whose standard of living is so far below yours that they will never understand your needs." But one thing is certain. The Japanese soldiery living here among us are learning, and have already learned that there is such a thing as a people as a whole enjoying life and its better things and they are taking to it like a duck to water and I believe Japan will have a hard time someday convincing this soldiery they rate nothing or very little from life, and I wonder if many of them would really return to Japan if they could. Under the influence of officers, and pressure--yes. But left to their own devices--I doubt it. They still talk of hari Kari rather than be captured, they still say Japs taken prisoner can never live in Japan, but I can remember very well that the Jap prisoners in our hospitals in Bataan were only too glad to live and hari Kari was far from their minds. Their idea was to live elsewhere than Japan if they could survive the war. Japan has without doubt, built up a fanatical race of martyrs with the ideals of sacrifice for the Emperor and the Red Meat Ball of Japan. Fanaticism must be fed emotional food. Appeal to reason and a material proof of some however on earth before death may dilute that Jap philosophy of life considerably. Already, her business men and occidental educated and experienced have been productive ground when served by the appeal to reason.

The masses are now seeing the material happiness possible on earth, and it may have its effect.

Mar. 5/43

Time marches on. We are still deluged with the local news papers and Japanese papers and magazines. The local news is so childish and ridiculous as to be insulting to intelligence. As an example, food shortage in the U.S. and its seriousness is confirmed by the press in quoting a sign in a Chicago restaurant--"Be courteous to the help. They are harder to get than customers." We are able to read between lines and take advantage of language difficulties and learn a little as to what is going on. Our regular source of information continues to function altho not as frequently reporting as before. In the meanwhile the Japs still bring in movies twice a month and they usually comprise some American comedy and a Jap propaganda picture plus multiple Jap news reels. The propaganda grows by leaps and bounds. The Jap language classes continue. About a hundred taking it. Yakashishi and Hitaji hold forth. At calisthenics now, the Jap sergeants direct them instead of one of our men as before. My Spanish class continues and is growing. New blood comes in, and old students come back for special parts. I am still peddling around with shorthand and astronomy. The latter is quite disappointing. However, there is a little to be gained so I continue. In the meanwhile, had our fullest month on the surgical service during the short month of February, and our results have been uniformly good. Our Commission for the investigation of Painful Foot Syndrome has just about completed everything it can do under the limitations impressed by the Japanese. However, the condition is no longer presenting as the serious menace it once was. Since the Japanese have permitted us to allot a part of our "deposited money" for the good of the sick, we

have been able to boost the general and special mess with meat, mango beans, black eyed peas etc. That, plus the fact that a certain number of us draw 20-25 pesos a month and are able to buy a few extras in spite of the forbidding price of most foods and necessaries, has done much to lessen the foot cases and other forms of malnutrition and avit. aminosis among us. We are still far from a healthy ration however. During February, there has been some improvement in the quality and quantity of the regular ration with a slight increase on the fat and protein side and a lowering of the carbohydrates.

This is indeed a step in the right direction but far from good even yet, and rice and water lillies still continue the predominant ration as issued, and alone, could never be supporting for a white man.

Improvement to any degree, however, is a big help. The total quantity has improved incident to a check up on local Japanese guards. We are asked to sign for more than we really get and the guards at the front take cut their grab. We have brought this to the attention of Nogi and that can be stopped. In the meanwhile the paymaster (the worst son-of-a-bitch we have had to deal with) short rations us in wt. and repeatedly Nogi has been shown the quality and quantity of food issued and Nogi has taken issue with the paymaster on those occasions and our quantity and quality has improved. But we are still far from the minimal requirements for a normal healthy existence. However, constantly clamoring and hammering is having its effect, and February has been an improvement.

We have had a case of rabies. A dog bit an American prisoner while the man was on a work party at Bolanga. He was bitten about the face as well as leg. We received him after 7 days and instituted anti rabies treatment at once. However, after a few days he developed a definite hydrophobia and died. I do not recall ever having seen a case of rabies before. The dog also bit a Jap but we have no report on him. We were able to get rabies vaccine for this case but Rx was begun too late. Wounds of the Rabies from face travels faster than other locations.

Mailing cards are again being prepared for prisoners to send home via Geneva. We have no way of knowing if our first ones ever got away. They are supposed to be delivered in the U.S. this month. Have filed out mine and am signing it with a big prayer that it will get thru O.K. A few letters have been received here by American prisoners from U.S. via Geneva. There are some of us certainly reported as "In hands of the enemy" and no longer as "M.I.A." All of us are anxious to be properly listed at home for many reasons, and none of us certain at all.

Three officer prisoners have been given questionnaires by the Japs with such questions as "who caused the war?" "How will it end?" and similar ones, and from these, the officers are to prepare a 30 min. broadcast as a message to America. When Hitaji delivered the questionnaire to the officers, his remark was "All must be favorable--to Japan" and grinned. It is hard for me to understand how, a race of people, whose major endeavor in life is to save face, could be so damn lacking in judgement and insight as to indulge in such a crude form of propaganda. The expected results from such a broadcast can not be of such value as to warrant such a degrading measure. One might argue

that they do not care what prisoners may think of them. That is not true. Despite their bombastic inferiority complex mannerisms, they still care what Americans in general think. They still fight to make an impression. If they expect any of us to survive this business, such a face losing measure as mentioned above is hard to explain except thru lack of insight or plain dumbness. They do so many of these dam things then work overtime to justify themselves. An intelligence of even a mediocre degree would dictate not to do them, and save face by not losing it. It is not the nature of the beast to act thus. Pasay still continues to be a tough prison camp. We still get patients from there in a hellish state. We have reported to Nogi repeatedly about not receiving patients from there in time to help them. Of course, Pasay is run by the Jap Navy, and the Jap Navy and Jap Army don't seem to get along well together and they keep strictly apart from each other. However, we learned from a recently arrived patient that Nogi had been over there inspecting. Since then we are receiving more from there. The food is very bad over there and the treatment in general is not good. From patients arriving we repeatedly here that the remains we received recently for burial, with a Navy guard which would not permit us to open the box, was the remains of a prisoner beaten to death. One of the biggest mistakes many of us made in this war, was to harbor the idea that the Jap Navy was a better type of man, more considerate and from whom we could expect better treatment. The Jap Navy has been the toughest outfit we have had to endure. Phil Bress (Norfolk Boy) is now over there as M.O. with the prisoners. They give him no supplies

to care for the sick but he made contact with Mrs. Norton (who has done more for American prisoners than anybody out here) who has acquired medicines and supplies for him and has gotten them to him. Someday, Mrs. Norton must be accorded the reward due her. Time and reverses have never dulled her enthusiasm and efforts in behalf of American prisoners.

Mar. 13, 1943

The sun is fast coming north and will soon be up to the vernal equinox. Old sol has begun to have b in him and still we have dust. Life continues as before "behind the lines" of the Cop sphere. General change in attitude can be noted. In spite of some encouraging news filtering in, both from Europe and the Oriental theatre of war, the Polyanna Boys, even the diehards among the "Babettts" and the midget minds are gradually settling down to a resigned state for a long stay. The war is no longer expected to be over next month or next week. The truth cannot be forever denied and even the Ostrich has to come up from air. I believe that only one thing bothers the boys. All of us could take this incarceration, this uncertainty of what the next day will bring to us if we could only hear something authentic from home and know our people are faring O.K. of course that is a part of war and we must gear ourselves to it. But it is Hell!

Another outrageous miscarriage of Justice by the Sartim, Joses, Connell outfit. Bob arrived here from Cabanatuan 3 mos. ago. A few days ago the Nips asked for a dental officer to go to Lipa where they have a bunch of American prisoners building an air field with this whole dam bevy of panty waist dental officers here who havn't contributed a

goddam thing since the war began, they order out Bob--a man who has been thru Bataan and Corregidor with us, went thru the hellish days of Cabanatuan, recently recovered from beri beri and yellow jaundice. That makes the second time they have sent our "fighting men" out to maintain their own dam lotus eating no good bastards whose prime object in this mess is to survive. Their reason this time was that Bob was the Junior. Bob like a good soldier said nothing. I was not asked anything about it, and I still maintain the Commands' right to order as they see fit, but I insist someday in letting the world know how piss poor were some of our outfit, how useless and disgusting were our "politicians and diplomats" and "kind old gentlemen" Bob preferred to go than be classed with the "panty waists." "Body beautiful" Morgan couldn't possibly go. He has too many lovely pieces of luggage he would have to sacrifice and the camp would certainly go to hell if Cross were sent out of here to some outlying detail. There isn't a one of us of our old Corregidor--Bataan group but what are ready and even anxious to break company with this slimy outfit. In the meanwhile, Bob will go down there and do a hell of a swell job and again earn the respect and favor of everybody with whom he serves. The night before he left, Charlie, Att, Bruce and I, sat back there around his bunk and drank black tea and sparingly puffed a pipe load of fast disappearing American tobacco--George Washington. Bob chewed and spit the juice thru the bars of the window, while outside, slant eyed guards paraded around with rifles like Daniel Boones with the jaundice.

Much confab around the camp about a new Jap guard we have just had to appear among us. Talking to some patients he insisted he was from South Formosa, the Japs had picked him up in town (Manila) just

the night before, put a uniform on him and made a guard out of him. Sore as hell against the Japs for inducting him into service. Insists this while the North Formosans are well under Jap control, South Formosans still fight the Japs. Story doesn't sound good. Looks too much like a clumsy plant. He speaks good English too. That buzzard will hear watching closely or Santiago will have a few of us.

We have some news from up North that a couple of Jap planes swooping down to straff an area to drive out guerillas were met by machine gun bursts which dropped both planes. Sort of surprise the boys, I imagine--if true.

The Nips brought in four more Army officers recently captured. Placed them in solitary confinement. Lousy and dirty and in generally poor shape.

Daily physical exercises are now conducted by the Japanese and all commands are in Jap. A small group of us continue to take a half-hour's work out with an iron bar daily and go thru a certain amount of physical exercise to keep as fit as possible. Spanish class continues and doing O.K. Had a letter from Mardini yesterday (in spanish) telling us the Japs had discontinued spanish in camp up there. I knew it was taboo but we have not been molested here so far. We have not flaunted our activities publicly, however. Have added Dr. Black to my class.

A story comes to us that some Filipino orchestra entertainers were taken up to the camp at Cabanatuan to amuse the prisoners. The Japs have had some Coprosperity national airs written for the Philipines

and they were played, but the Tuba was all out of tune and it sounded like hell all during the concert until finally they announced they would then play a composition of their own making and proceeded to vigorously render "Anchors Aweigh" and the Tuba in perfect tune. Apparently was unnoticed by the Nips.

The Filipinos given the Indoctrination course at O'Donnell are now being organized into constabulary and latest reports are, some of them have been given rifles and are used in patrolling Bataan. The Japs must feel pretty confidant of them to trust them with arms--if they given them any ammunition to use in them. However Orientals know Orientals and the Japs may know how to tell how far they can go. An Army Medico recently arrived here from Bataan tells of 3 Filipinos caught in a tire stealing episode. First they caught one. After being tied up by his thumbs and having salt water poured down him he squealed on the others. The other two were beheaded. The guy who squealed was rewarded--by being given the choice between having his head chopped off or being shot. The Japs offered to let the Army medico behead one of the Filipinos and couldn't understand why the Medico wasn't interested in such a splendid opportunity to have fun.

"Zeke" finally broke down. Zehlen was becoming more and more detached from his environment. He got in the habit of coming down here to see me and "talking to me privately," at which times he rambled along erratically and aimlessly. Finally he cracked and is again on the sick list. Feel sorry for Zeke. A good guy.

Admiral Nomura recently paid a quick visit to the Philipines. Gave an interview to the press and we were allowed to see the papers of course, as a part of their propoganda. I thought his statements were quite conservative and guarded. Insisted that he did all he could in Washington to keep peace, stated that America had gotten over the idea that the special emissary to America was a blind (I don't believe that), separated himself as well treated in America, considered removal of Jap from W. Coast to interior as a necessary measure in American Nat. Defense. Also stated that Japan could and would fight a hundred years if necessary. (This isn't included in the remarks I consider as conservative). This statement about "able to fight 100 yrs." has gotten to be a stock phrase in their propoganda of late. Sounds like whistling in a church yard.

Today, again, they paid us in broad new B.M. paper. As usual, I got 25 P's, 40 P's to the Indigent Patient fund, Japs took 60 for alleged food, and 95 "on deposit". Life certainly is a phoney in the Coprosperity Zone.

Mar. 15/43

"The Ides of March Have Come."

"Aye-Ceasar, --but not gone."

I can still here Pearl Hoffman trying to explain to me all about the Ides of March, and Stanley Blanton only fouled us up all the more by introducing us to the Kalems. If this war doesn't hurry up and get over with, my boy will be floundering around among the Ides and Kalens in that same old school where I use to waste my time by looking out the window and wondering what time it would be high tide on the Potomac,

or thinking of Johnson's hill heavy with a , and long stemmed violets at Dripping Spring, and soon there would be yellow Jasmine and the woods alive with pink and white dogwood, and rhododendron.

The most peculiar situation of our incarceration has arisen in the last few days. Yakashisi, the interpreter, passes the word that all those who made the march from Battan to O'Donnell were to submit reports of their observations and experiences. Naturally, there was some concern as to what could be said. The truth would be brutal to the face saving Nipponese. Sweitzer put it up to Yakashesi cold turkey that as prisoners the men wouldn't want to incur wrath upon the camp as a whole by what they would say in telling the truth. Yokoshesi stated they wanted the truth, that Tokyoes was asking for the facts, that Geneva was involved, and that any man writing a report could typewrite it and not sign his name, and furthermore, the Japs (Army), attached here, were not to know anything about it. Sweitzer informed Yakashesi that in that case he would get reports that would mark that much as the most beastial atrocity filled incident of all military history. Yakashesi admitted he expected so. The result was, the accounts submitted contained every atrocity imaginable, shootings, bayoneting, burying alive, beatings, denial of food and water, plundering and robbing, denial of medicine and medical care of the sick. I am not yet ready to draw my conclusions as to all involved or behind this move. However, if there is a world force ext which has enough influence to really cause concern in Tokyoe over such matters, I would be somewhat encouraged as to future prospects of us here in Philipino prison camps in the event of Yank pressure here. I have never been able to convince myself that the Japs would move out of here in the face of attack and leave us to be

relieved by our own forces. Nor do I believe they would be concerned in getting us away with them. Hence--C'est la Guerre! Moreover, if the Japs here preferred hari Kari to capture, in event of them not being able to get away, I can't be convinced they would deliberately do the hari Kari act and allow us to continue our way unmolested. Hence again--Ceest la guerre! If, however, there is some sort of lash up whereby a certain amount of Tokyo face does depend on our treatment in the full sense of "Prisoners of War," perhaps we are not as likely to have our wholesale execution as might otherwise be expected. Of course, we have been definitely informed that as medical forces we are no different in the eyes of the Japs than any other prisoner groups except we "get paid." Even so, there are certain rights conceded to prisoners of war, and while those rights as laid down by Geneva have been violated by Japan in many instances, still, if there is some force which can induce Tokyo to take notice, there can well be limitations to the expected activities. Our Amer. prisoners are worked on military projects every day. They are being kept in fortified and military key areas. However, in a reasonable while we should know something indicative about this latest Jap wrinkle.

The Japs announce another movie show. This time they are to show the fall of Bataan and Corregidor as news reels. The way they made the Corregidor pictures was to go thru a "Hollywood" maneuver on Topside the day after the surrender and make a thriller out of it. The thousands they lost in the taking is not recorded in the picture. Practically all the fighting took place at night and the darker hours of morning. These

daylight charges are hard to explain in the light of our knowledge of the facts. Again, one would think they would hesitate to reveal the childlike fallacies of their propaganda, their policy of capitalizing on flagrant handling of the truth.

Food and necessities grow scarcer and scarcer. Matches are now being closely rationed. No sugar at all now altho we have been told we are to be permitted a small monthly ration. In the past years when I have seen guards being decorated by native carvings, for use as ash receptacles, or bath room accessories, I never supposed they would one day constitute a staple article in my daily diet. One can't really complain about their taste because they absolutely have no taste. But by the same token, neither are they of any more food value than the sole of your shoe and quite inferior, by scientific standards I am sure, to that of a no glove.

Our existence has been only possible thru our own support and the constant wangdangling of foods from the outside. This continues to fluctuate with good periods and bad but the general trend is now toward less and less available food. Even the rice ration has been reduced somewhat.

Bob Herthneck suddenly appeared here after being at Lipa a few days. Came in with a group of patients he was convoying here for hospitalization. Spent the night with us and left the following day. Reports conditions at Lipa not too bad for the Americans.

Food about the same as here. Everybody works on the rock pile. They are continuing to build a mamouth air port there. Concrete runways etc. Hangars are to be constructed etc. Bob reports that the first night

he was there they went into a sudden complete blackout with lots of excitement. There has been repeated reports of late of American Planes overhead. The Japs have no intention of being taken by surprise. Their anti aircraft batteries along the bay are constantly manned. Approaches to the city are zigzagged by concrete barriers. The last few days bring me reports of sandbagging their sentry boxes, burying their fuel drums in ditches etc. I consider these as purely routine measures and not because they are expecting imminent attack. I also suspect that Bob's "air alarm" was a dummy run just to keep the troops in fettle. Our greatest news from the outside is the report of the destruction of a 22 ship Jap C --in the Bismark Sea, ten of the ships being war ships of destroyer and cruiser class. Loss of 100 zero Jap fighters also reported. Troop loss estimated at 16000. Of course, if these figures are true, it is a major loss in any man's outfit. In the meanwhile the Japs have proclaimed a 5 yr. agricultural plan for the Philipines and proceed to continue their "Public works projects" which are plainly military in nature.

Three hundred Philipinos arrived recently. Another draft from the north, guerrillas taken and have been under some training. They goose step and answer to Jap commands. Dirty and smelly. Remained here only a few days. Kept in complete incommunicado from the Americans. There is some conjecture as to where this group was taken. They were subjected to examinations which heretofore have only been applied to those on their way to Japan. All prisoners going to Japan have a glass rod inserted in rectum and smear made for exam. Very impractical, for amebae, parasites

or anything except the usual intestinal flora. Altho we have asked what they hope to find by such a maneuver, all we get as an answer is "intestinal disease." Poor beknighted Bastards!

Mar 21/43

Vernal equinox. The red sun right up on the equator as he passes north. Here at 14° we get a fairly straight shadow. It is hot, and the dust is in our hair teeth beds, food and clothes. Many infected eyes are worshiping at an improvised shrine under an old Mango tree within old spanish prison walls, the old meatball of Japan flying at the staff head and Jap planes overhead. They are always overhead on Sunday mornings.

Learned today that on the other side of the wall in the next prison yard are a group of Jap prisoners who were at one time our prisoners at hospital #1 or in our prison concentrations in Bataan. They were retaken when Bataan fell and have been tried by courtmartial by the Japs "for allowing themselves to be taken prisoner." Understand they have been given sentences of 2 yr. The I.J.A. must be slipping considerably. It has always been their boast that retaken prisoners cannot live. Either Hari Kari or death by direction or something. The news further has it that Barnabrooke and several other retaken "escapees" are over there after having been "tried" and have been sentenced to 2-3½ yrs. prison stay.

Have been working on a letter framed by Sartin to Nogi regarding observance of Geneva Provisions for prisoners. Shook it down considerably from its original. Am not entirely convinced this is a good time to repeat this same old story. Sartin's letters are such mixtures of drivel and face slapping it is difficult to understand. Following a whine and a

groan will come a bold ungraceful, morally offending statement which could be as initating as "son of a bitch" in our language. This letter was not born of reason. It originated in an emotional upheaval in the Old Man on learning that the big draft of more than a thousand the Japs took to "Japan" some months ago, were really taken to Manchu to work in the mines. I saw that draft in the Port Area when they passed thru. A sickly lot of animals. Not many of them are on topside now if they took that gang to Manchu . Those who survived the trip couldn't survive pneumonia on arrival.. I feel sure we can chalk up another thousand casualties against the Orient on that deal. Passay still remains the hell hole for us here. They sent us in some thirty odd patients a few days ago in pitiful shape and we were obliged to save them replacements from our so called "well" group. They have drained our camp to where those who go out to work camps now are in poor shape at best. A draft is ready to leave for Passay tomorrow. In two weeks most of them will be back in horrible shape--or sent into us for burial. That is a tough place. Haines and Breas are both there now! But a doctor can do very little. Nothing much to work with and very little a doctor can do where beatings and starvation are added to hard work building air fields. Being a prisoner of the Oriental peoples has always been a horrible experience. The galley slavery, dungeon life, lice, dirt, disease, starvation and sadistic cruelty has been the history since the Moors, Algerian pirates, down to our present predicament. White men as coolie labor for the Asiatic. It is the accepted thing here in the Caposperity Zone behind the enemy's lines.

My short hand is coming along. Never will be a speed artist but I believe I will acquire enough proficiency for my purposes. Still hold my spanish class regularly. Progress o.K. except that this class lacks language sense, completely devoid of imagination and are bashful about talking. Very difficult to get them to talk.

Mar. 22/43

Here in a country where sugar and coconuts are the main products, we are not able to get either. Everything under Army food control. In fact, both sugar and cocoanuts are being used in "substitute" tactics, and the Japs are taking sugar and cocoanuts for other than food purposes. Soap is practically absent here in a copra country, $\frac{1}{2}$ cake soap per month per person. The sugar goes into fuel alcohol and the cocoanut oil substitutes for lubricants etcs. Matches just aren't.

This morning, a rock was thrown over the wall with the message that Rommel had capitulated in Africa. This may or may not be authentic. It will need a little checking. These "rock over the wall" messages aren't always of George Washington character.

An example of silly assed dumb situations which continually occur: This morning, an American Prisoner, unaccompanied by guard, arrives in a caleza from Nielson Field for admission. Of course, the Japs in the front office call Headquarters to ask if they should admit him. Headquarters says: "No. He is not there yet so you can't admit him." So the prisoner sits down out in front "to wait until he arrives here." According to the prisoner he waited around a long time for some one to come along with him but nobody seemdd to be coming so he just comes

on in in the Caleza. No strain. Just how long he will have to wait for himself to arrive here is hard to figure out. Silly Bastards.

Mar. 25/43

Things grow scarcer and scarcer in the capiosphere. Soap, matches, sugar are no more. Firewood reduced again today. Japs say "Jap soldiers can't have full cooked food so we can't either. We will be eating our fish raw, soon, because the Japs do. However, the tight hard days are still to come. This has been our good in-between period, lousy as it is.

Teeth are not standing up at all under this incarceration. Even the youngsters are having trouble. I have lost two, the second one yesterday. My tooth brush is like a mop or a bottle brush but I use it religiously--in hopes. However, Papaya, mangoes, cocoanuts, and peanuts come under the Army food control and we now get none of those. We fast approach the same vitamin deficiency that we experienced before and after the surrender.

Got a letter off to Wilson at Cabanatuan yesterday. A detail was going up and one man looked O.K. to me.

One year ago today, Luna was killed, Vanderven wounded. McClosky was also killed, considerably torn apart. They were on an inspection tour at the time. The bomb hit very close, almost a direct hit. Olympia was made Surgeon General after Luna's death. A rather peculiar situation. Olympia and his medical force operating under my direction from Regimental headquarters, and Olympia made a full Col.

and then made Surgeon General of the Filipino Army. I feel like a little boy telling his grandfather to milk the cows and carry the firewood and water.

The hot days are now with us. Hot and dry! They were hellish last year! Locked up underground most of the time, hot humid and dirty underground with dam little water and most of it salty. Shell bursts filling the tunnels with black powder smoke p acid and dust.

A note from Bob at Lipa. Doing alright. Working hard. Eating as well as we are at least. Conditions as satisfactory as can be expected.

A draft in from Palawan. Ten of them. Malaria mostly. They report the air fields about completed there. Big ones. Runways are of dirt. Not pouring concrete. Despite all the previous reports they have not been bombed. However, these men report that the Japs are expecting it. The Jap interpreter down there has been questioning how Americans treat their prisoners and what religion would be best to profess if captured. Food is fair but the work is hard under the broiling sun and everybody losing wt. under the physical effort. About 300-400 Americans still there.

Prison headquarters in Manila was inquiring of us today what was the maximum we could hold. In the meanwhile another big draft from here to Cabanatuan is expected. There is some reason to believe that Cabanatuan may be moved to Japan. There is reason to believe another Japan draft will go up in May.

The story of Rummel's capitulation turns out to be like most of the "over the fence" reports. Our latest reports were founded and from our usual indicates that weather now permits the allied forces to bring

artillery to bear against him and bombing and shelling is the order of the day. We are given to understand that his supplies line is shut off. Siege tactics instead of frontal assault to be employed. All reports would indicate relative inactivity on all fronts at the moment.

Mar. 26 - Friday

Last night about 10 p.m. they brought in an American Army Private-- P --unconscious. Had been boxing down in the Port Area and was knocked on his head on the concrete. The usual clamor and hubbub that always seems to be called forth by a head case. This boy has a basilar fracture, mid fossa full of blood, and a major brain laceration. However, he was stabilized as to pulse and P.P., no localizing signs, decompressing himself somewhat from ears and nose, no medullary signs. Doing alright today. It is now nearly 24 hrs. Has had some lucid intervals (brief). It is hard to convince the profession at large that unconsciousness can be the greatest defensive factor in favor of the patient.

Today they brought in another boy. This one has been "worked over" considerably by the Japs a few days ago. Questions of a broken jaw. He is to be kept here under "mental observation." "Getting into all kinds of trouble down there." Jap doctor brought him in. American doctors did not come with him. Jap doctor very much on defensive. Tried to get me to say whether the boy claimed Japs struck him. A dead give away, of course.

The Philippine papers "Tubrine" poured out the propaganda yesterday. Made no claims for themselves (Axis) but Hitler's assurance that the critical phase on the eastern front had been successfully met and Germany now on the way to sure victory was published in great detail. A picture of Hitler (the stock newspaper picture taken several years ago) was prominent.

Churchills' speech made a year ago was requoted and allied spirits supposed to be low and pessimistic. The general impression it gives en todo is that there is an acute need among the Axis to restore some sort of faith in the Axis. They apparently feel the need of convincing their people of the Axis chances and prospects being good. However, the facts must remain that England survived bombings and a French fold up, America survived Pearl Harbor (no small matter), and the Japs stepped on all fronts, at least temporarily at this time. Germany and Italy talking bombings daily. The African campaign at least not any too good at the moment for Germany.

The Russians certainly in better position than a year ago. Of course, I do not expect any early termination of this war, and I am resigned to a long incarceration if not exchanged (and I see no signs of that now) but even so, I can see possibilities for ultimate victory for the Allies, which I couldn't see at one time, and I can't see where the Axis have anything to be more optimistic over at this time. This living behind the enemies lines, being constantly blud with the propoganda intended to maintain morale in behalf of the enemy, eventually wears on the boys. The only thing that has prevented more effects on the prisoners has been the puerility of the stuff put out. The stuff has been intended for the Phillipine masses and has just the tone one would expect from an adult trying to frighten a little child at bed time. The same calibre of stuff goes over big with their own troops who are of a mentality of such inferiority that it would be disgraceful to compare them with our 1st. grades. But let there be no doubt in anybody's mind that the Jap soldier is convinced that Japan is invincible, that Japan is winning the war, that the entire American Navy has been sunk, that America is starving to death, that Japan

is now a "have" country and after this war the Jap language is to be the international language. Hitaje can't understand why Americans here would be interested in learning any language but Japanese. Sunday I'm going to tell Mr. Hitaje and many of his countrymen why. If I don't, somebody will, I'm sure.

Mar. 28/43

Skull case doing nicely. Morales, the nasty abdominal job of a few nights ago doing very well. Put thru a hellish night last night with an elongated tooth which is exfoliating as a result of being unable to get any prosthetic work placed at the site of two extractions. This war certainly has knocked hell out of teeth. I'll lose this one sure as hell. Another burst of astringent prohibitions announced yesterday. No smoking anywhere outside of buildings except around certain locations where cans are placed. Japanese say we smoke too much. Probably right about that but one needs something. The tobacco we are able to get is hay and sticks. The Jap deal out a horrible 10 specimens in cigarette four about every 2 wks. (Takes place of our good American Red Cross cigarettes we never get). No bathing at night. At Bango last night it was announced that all classes in person would cease. Tokyo orders no assemblage in prisons for instruction. It suprisedly improves the military efficiency of the men. That means our spanish class will have to gather around our bunks and do away with any outward evidence of instruction. Shorthand I will continue alone. As usual, reasons for the squeeze are offered by many that the Japs are having reverses. Others take the opposite view. There is no reason to believe either is involved. These people handling us and the Islands are so far removed from actual activities that they work overtime to be military and to wage war of

some kind in their perfectly quiet sector. It is an age old characteristic of armies to be hard boiled behind the lines, and less so as you approach the front. With the Japanese more so than ever. They must maintain face and importance by always exhibiting power and authority and being tough. I don't imagine Tokyo had anything to do with abolishing classes. These items begin with corporals right here and get approval higher up. Tokyo stuff is the bunk. From our usual source of information we learn that practically all food stuffs now under Government control and distributed by agents. Merchants completely dispensed with. Business men will be forced into labor, field and otherwise, for sustenance. Food of all kinds at a premium of course, we here in confinement come last in the distribution. No matter what relations exist between Filipinos and Americans, when it comes to the last essence of self preservation, the Filipinos aren't going to starve themselves for Americans. I can't blame them for that. Lord knows our American Army didn't mind sacrificing the Filipino soldier to feed the American troops. And the Filipino Army is well aware of it. There is no explanation as to why anybody should have been starved. Our ability to acquire needed articles of diet to sustain health has been thru a Jap merchant (at a figure, of course that astounds even under wartime conditions). It begins to look as tho, with the abolition of food sales of any kind, our merchant may go the same route as the others, when that time comes we are sure as hell in for a shellacking. The diet supplies by the Japanese is still not a sustaining diet and never has been. Time is an important factor to us just now. The yanks better get going or we are gone gaslings. It will take but a few months to have us back at our worst.

Mar. 29/43

I think the cause of our squeeze was made evident yesterday. Sartin's last letter to Nogi riled him considerably. I was afraid he was slapping a tiger in the face and the letter intemely. God only knows what Nogi would have done had the original reached him. Nogi came out, brought Yakahesi as interpreter and raised hell. Let it be known in no uncertain terms that as far as Japn was concerned we are prisoners of war with no rights under the Geneva Treaty except as they saw fit to grant them. During one phase of the conflict Nogi pointed his finger at Sartin and said "all same W ."

I know that in Wainright's communication to the Japanese at the time of the surrender he made the stipulation, or called attention to the sections of Geneva Treaty dealing with sick and wounded and personnel caring for them. Nogi no doubt was referring to that. I can't help but feel that Yakahesi could have interpreted that letter more accurately and prevented all this. Yakahesi is neither pro Jap nor pro American. He is pro Yakahesi. Can't trust that baby who is playing both ends against the middle with his dual citizenship. When that business was over yesterday, Sartin mentioned to Nogi he had a few things to talk over with him regarding the hospital. Nogi curtly replaced that he had no time. In the meanwhile, we are turned out a half hr. earlier in the morning. A system of bells sounded by the guards more definitely regulate our activities of the day, a hospital Sgt.--our nemesis Kasabe--now states HE will administer this hospital. Heretofore the internal administration of the hospital in relation to actual clinical activities has been left to us. The first invade into that came today when Kasabe states that there will be only 5 men on night duty and they will not be assigned to any one ward but just

one ward but just make rounds, we need some 20 odd men on duty we have had, we have cases requiring special attention by special watches. This was one of the things Sartin wanted to discuss with Nogi yesterday but Nogi had no time.

Spent a miserable period in the Dental chair after church services yesterday. Last night Langdon, Art, Dan, Fergu , Black and I, sat back on Langdon's bunk and read spanish history and Civilization from the Spanish I had written some months ago. Lights are now put out an hour earlier.

Apr. 3/43

It is evident the Japs intend to show us who's running this show-- for the present anyhow. Nogi puts out an order that we can no longer discipline our own men. All disciplinary measures will be dealt out by him in accordance with reg. of the Jap Imp. Forces. They have taken so many lights out of the buildings now that one can't see to read or write at night. The early curfew is none too early under the circumstances. The nights are very long.

Two days ago somebody broke into the Jap store room and stole 9 cans condensed milk. The result was that at 8:30 a.m. everybody was bangoed in the prison yard and ordered to stand there at attention until somebody confessed. The sun mounted higher and higher. The hot dry breathless baking days are with us. A few "passed out" and were stretched off. Began to look like it wasn't going to smoke anybody out. The Japs ordered a search. Found one recently emptied can in the garbage can near Bldg. #1. A little later I suggested to Sartin that he propose we take up a collection and pay them for 9 cans of milk. That would save face for them and that is always the most important thing. We were about to make this suggestion to the Japs when two men confessed to having 8 cans

of milk they had taken. The Bango was over. The men got 15 das. solitary, one rice ball daily with a full ration (such as it is) every third day. Wood supply continues to be reduced. Nogi says "Jap soldiers do not cook food a lot so Americans can't either."

This item comes up nearly every day.

We have recently had passed thru here a group of mixed prisoners, civilians, Army, Navy, and four or five english Navy personnel. They were originally in San Tomas but the last 76 das. they have been in the dungeons at Fort Santiago. They were on their way to Cabanatuan. As to their reason for being in Santiago there are lots of stories. They are claim to have been closely cross examined and interviewed but none of them have been at any time involved in a military way as to possess any particular information of value. They had much to say about San Tomas. They seem to do very well over there as an interment camp for civilians, men, women and children. They eat well, have fair contact with the outside, quite a bit of money there. They have stopped listening to rumors and have settled down to an 18 mo. expectancy based on an alleged speech by the President heard in November. When you sift all the hooey and personal coloration you get the idea that they are doing O.K. and morsle good. A few pregnancies flaring up, but after all, romance was ever fostered in the sail of war--Cest la guerre - or something. I guess after this war we'll have gillions of "This above all" variety of novels, none of them really reaching down for enough into the truth and bringing it up into the light of day. But after all, I do not think stellar beauty would be enhanced any by a brilliant sun.

Black got batted around a bit by the sentry yesterday for not watching where he was going and ran into the guard trying to be important and soldierly

walking his post. Black took it good naturedly, charging it up to his carelessness and absent mindedness.

Rumors have persisted the last few days that Rommel has surrendered. The Jeep papers have been reporting his falling back into confined areas. About Tunis. The "Rock over the wall" information was a little previous but since then, information has indicated allied progress in Africa and Rommel's surrender would not be surprising news to us at this time. I still believe Rommel himself will get away. Today, a draft of 20 truck drivers arrived from Cabanatuan and one of them reports, Rommel having folded up. Our usual source of information, however, has not reported this event yet.

Another payday. 25 Pesos in my pocket at one time--15 out to the mess. Forty from my "deposit" to the indigent unpaid sick, sixty for "room and board" and ninety "on deposit." As usual, the printed paper, without any serial markings whatsoever, hot off the press, ink hardly dry.

Matches, toilet paper, soap hardly to be had at any price. Issue has stopped. We still are able to buy a little "pony sugar." There are a few lenses available from eye kits, flashlights (no batteries etc) and the common way of lighting your pipe now is to stand in the sun and fire it thru your lens.

From the Santiago crowd we learned that Thorpe, the guerilla man, now a prisoner in Santiago, had passed the word along that in his talks with Jap high rankers he had been told that "they were getting somewhere" in the matter of prisoner exchange. That would be a swell one to believe but I need more than Santiago news to convince me. San Tomas has had information of prisoner exchange efforts for a long time. I am inclined

to think the civilian personnel over there in simple internment will no doubt be taken care of in such a move long before we will.

From the Port Area yesterday the Japs brought in a dead prisoner, already encases, and they remained to see that he was buried without our getting a view of him. They had very little to say about it. Mentioned it as "an accidental death," later implying that "a big door almost decapitated him." Hum! Maybe Bress or Donovan can tell us more sometime. Decapitation is a common happening to people in some parts of the Orient as compared to other areas and among other peoples.

An echo of a year ago came today in a rumor (I might dignify it with the name of "report") that the guerrillas up north had received word from the states "to hold out." Many are turning in and giving themselves up as a result of the campaign in the press and thru the church, and once disarmed they are set free. Just what they are supposed to hold out for isn't very clear. Some say that "aid is coming etc." Oh my Gawd! Can it be possible that that old gag can still persist! I remember how "biggest convoy in history just outside and on way to relieve you," "hold out another 2 wks. and everything will be O.K." and all during that time the Japs would open up their propoganda radio programs from Manila (in English and for our benefit) with the music to "Waiting for ships that never come in." One could almost give them credit for a sense of humor. I remember a cartoon some wag produced about that time, a picture of an old skinny bewhiskered betattered American soldier, one of McArthur's Magnificents, sitting in his fox hole in Bataan and hollerin' over to his Buddy, "Hey Joe! I hear that Convoy'll git in sometime this year!" "Yep," replies Joe, "biggest one in history, just

outside, be in on the next dark o' the moon." It was the era that also produced that alleged radio of Doug's to Franklin, in which he begged "Don't wait for the Bridge, Frank; send the Yanks and the tanks by sea." Also, when we heard that some place on the west coast had had a few isolated pot shots taken at it from the sea, Doug is supposed to have wired Franklin, "Hold out a few more weeks, Franklin and we'll be there. Aid is on the way."

And now again at this late date we hear "Hold out, Aid is on the way. There are still some American Guerrila leaders out. Cushman, Thorpe and others are in. Capt. Crayton(?) of the 26th Cav. is still up north somewhere. He had a troop of the 26th that went "north on a mission" when the remaining troops fell back to the south in their delaying action.

Word from Cabanatuan tells me that only 9 deaths last month up there altho a dysentery and malaria outburst has just flared up again. 2000 in the hospital. Total prisoner population about 4500. Food very good from all reports. Good word reported from Nardini as usual. The same old story. Everybody eats better than we do. Just why we should be singled out for waterlily soup and rice is hard to fathom. We have survived purely from our contriving to buy extra necessities, and that for a long time was possible thru outside help by way of money and meagre supplies. Today, those of us who draw a pittance are supporting hundreds who are not, and without our help they would again sink into the starvation morasses we have ploughed thru and survived, climbing out of beri beri, pellagra, dysentery and malaria, some of us somewhat the worse for wear, but others of us, thank God, in pretty good shape.

Apr. 6/41

Japs asked for 2 more dentists for an outside detail, destination unknown. Naturally, Strangeman, one of my Corregidor boys drew the first billet. And then - Morgan. They actually got into the "sacred Few." There was much weeping and wailing around camp--"one of our boys being taken from us." I couldn't help but remark that I hadn't heard any groans when my boys went out on detail. It is believed that one of the billets is Pasay. The other Corregidor Cecil and I were wondering out loud today how long it will take for us to reach a point where we don't give a dam--just give up--resign ourselves to no future prospects whatsoever--our life run-over-just a living death without any other change care or expectancy. Naturally that state has to come sometime. It is the last defense of nature-a painless madness, a delirium, a praecox state of withdrawal. Some will take to it quicker than others. Sub-limitedations of a material sort eventually fail and one just easily slips into the twilight zone of existence where everything is distorted and ill defined. Normal resignation in the face of facts is wholesome, and when actually hope and expectancy is not to had from logic, the praecox state is a blessing. Propoganda has beaten down the spirits a lot. Its bound to after a while but we can still find much to give us hope as yet, we are not exactly ready to do any sponge throwing yet. But this monotony of Bilibid Prison-the heat--the dust--the dust, the hideous someness of day after day--walls--bareness--nothingness--constantly hungry--for food, for peace, a sense of contentment, hungry for new faces, for love, for kindness, for anything but the world so death and dead we monotonously endure. The flies, lice, bedbugs, ants, mosquitoes. These are nothing compared to the monotony and someness of our existence, in a world of incommunicado, no word from loved ones for years. One is afraid to think, yet all we

have are our thoughts. Churchill inadequately describes the status of a prisoner of war. "Prisoner of war: It is a melancholy state. You are in the power of your enemy. You owe your life to his humanity, your daily bread to his compassion. You must obey his orders, await his pleasure, possess your soul in patience. The days are very long. Hours crawl like paralytic centipedes. Moreover the whole atmosphere of prison, even the most easy and best regulated one is odious. Companions quarrell about trifles and get the least possible pleasure from each other's society, you feel a constant humiliation in being fenced in by railings and wire, watched by armed men and webbed about with a tangle of regulations and restrictions."

Our news source tells us Tunis Campaign still in progress but Rommell expected to fold momentarily. The European news is generally good without any startling developments.

Jap Sgt. caused a big disturbance last night beating up his own men in the guard house. Getting to be a regular occurrence. Much howling, yelling and general hell raising. Zero fighters with belly tanks overhead today headed south. Long flight stuff. Reinforcements for down south.

Case brought in from Pasay today. An acute appendix in every detail. Operated. Normal appendix. After 7 mos. at Pasay he preferred op. to remaining. Couldn't blame him. After 7 mos. of Pasay he rates hospital.

The truck drivers who recently arrived here went to Palawan instead of the Port Area. Palawan is the location of an old Penal Colony in the Philipines which was an honor goal for those who earned good reputations in the narrow monotonous confines of Bilibid. Bilibid has always had an unsavory name. There is no Palawan for us. We just take Bilibid as she

is--but we don't like it.

Incident to detailing our Corregidor "fighting men" to outside details and saving the original hosp. group, Connell made the statement that "we intend to keep our crowd together as long as possible, for if it comes to exchange we can say to the Japs--we have been your prisoners since you took Manila. You know we were never with combat troops." An example of the stinker attitude of this sorry outfit whose sole and only aim since the war began has been to save their useless hides to continue their parasite useless existence on earth a while longer.

The torrid heat continues and the rains still a long ways off. Still no mail via Geneva. All of us are afraid to read the first letter. Actually afraid.

One year ago tonight I ordered Bruce Langdon and Nardini to Batasan to bolster up the Hospital #2 staff at Cabcaben. The lines were crumbling then. Hated to see them go. Knew it meant "curtains" for them one way or another. Both have survived to date and have performed heroically both before and after the surrender. Bruce is again with me here. Nardini still at Cabanatuan.

Mrs. Norton continues to remember us and work for us. Today she got 180 kiles of tomatoes into us. That meant about one or maybe 2 small tomatoes per man. But they were small. Fresh stuff we do need. Rice and waterlillies. Lately we get some thin onion soup occassionally. Meat is a thing of the past. We are back in our old friend Mongo Beans again for protein.

Apr. 10/42

Much relief experienced in Camp. The dentists do not have to go. Nogi taking 2 army dentists from Cabanatuan. The Pasay Brotherhood very much relieved. (The sons a bitches). Our shadows straight under us now,

and the sun straight overhead as he travels north from the Equator.

Torrid heat. Very close and oppressive.

Surgical supplies running low. We have been able to operate on our American supply we brought from Corregidor and augmented a little by a small Red Cross consignment received about last Christmas. The Japs have brought in 3 small gauze rolls in a year.

Mangoes have appeared again and we are able to get a few at 15 centavos each. Expensive, but they are fresh stuff, much needed, and are medicine as well as food. The Philippine mango is the best in the world. I have never cared for them until I ate the Philippine variety. Those of the West Indies are too full of turpentine. Even the Florida cultivated variety never appealed to me. Demarara has a "peach Mango," purplish in color which is supposedly the acme of W.I. mangoes. It is only tolerable. These mangoes out here are really delicious and the claim of the Filipinos to having the sweetest mango in the world is justified. They are meaty, sweet, and refreshing. Just now they are life savers. About the second week I was here in Bilibid, still starved and craving anything besides rice, still sick with beri beri, no fresh food for months, S.M. smuggled me a mango. I shared it with Cecil that July night and we sat in the shadow of our prison barracks and sucked the juice and held the seeds in our mouths for an hour to eke out its sweetness to the utmost.

One yr. ago Bataan fell. The great Dunkirk was on the 9th when the lines broke but this was the day of conquering hordes and tomorrow, (11th) the Japs celebrate as Bataan Victory Day. There will be a parade, speeches, press blow off etc.

— Japs brought in another batch of sugar solution and ordered us to inject same. This didn't sound very good this time. It's not fun injecting questionable stuff into veins of your own countrymen, using them for guinea pigs. The Jap chemist delivered some home-made camphor at the same time as the sugar saying "If he has reaction and you need something for the heart, give him 2 ampules of this." I managed to worm the fact out of him that he had used this particular solution before with no bad results (?). The difference between this sugar and his other batch is that in clarifying it he has changed the P.H. (?) I injected 50 cc in a case with no outward reaction. I had hwb's, blankets, adrenalin etc. handy. This home made camph. oil doesn't impress me. And it is certainly not scientifically indicated in shock as adrenalin is. Jap medicine is very bookish, didactic, not logical, nor scientifically applied. The Jap explained that he made this oil by feeding dogs rice mixed with camphor and recovered the product from the urine. At least that is as near as I could gather it. This using Americans for guinea pigs isn't exactly Geneva like. This Jap chemist isn't so fond of this war, I judge from his talk. Also states he is a food chemist and doesn't like making medicines. According to him, the war would end tomorrow if U.S. would say "O.K.--keep your new stuff down south and in China and we call it a day." (He did not include Filipinos in that statement). Like all Japs he reminds us--"U.S. has lots--Japan small, has nothing. Needs more." And because Japan does not have more, he, like all Japs, feel justified in just reaching out and taking. Of course we were in no position to argue the matter but he must be taught like all his nation, that just reaching out and taking isn't done anymore. And they must learn that the hard way.

The lesson will be but half taught and half learned if we stop short of complete annihilation.

We now learn that prisoner drafts from Cabanatuan are being evacuated direct from Singayau and not passing thru here. A draft of a thousand standing by to more at this time. Several American prisoners in solitary confinement are also on the "movement list." These include the escapees who have been tried by Jap courtmartial, Barnbrooke et al. In the meanwhile, Beecher asked the Japs to come inspect Cabanatuan in regard to needs for the rainy season. The Japs sent word that it was unnecessary, that there would be no Cabanatuan in rainy season. At the same time, they are taking steps to install gas in our compound for cooking purposes (for which we will have to pay) and are making other moves which would indicate that we are liable to remain. However, one never knows. Recently they have been listing and seeking out everybody who has lived in Japan and can speak Japanese. The reason was not divulged until Haas talked to Yakashesi, and according to him, the Japs are releasing many of their interpreters and returning them to Japan and they expect Americans to help out in the matter of language here in the Phillipines.

Had a message from Bob today. All well at Lipa. He is cleaning up the dental job there as well as working on the rock pile. Sent him 40 pesos. Has been made detachment commander and is doing a good job. He always has and always will. I made no mistake when I picked that horse.

Word reached me that of the thousand sickly souls I saw in the Port Area several months ago being taken north, death notices of 300 of them already received here by Japs. Most of them were taken to the mines in Manchuria. I am surprised the figure isn't greater by this time.

I never expected 1/3 of them to survive. I still don't.

Japs issued us 1 bar soap, another Fundachi (fanduchi) and 2 oz. of tooth powder. 2 oz. of tooth powder in over a year doesn't go very far. The soap is considerably on the lye side. Soap probably is to last at least a month.

Apr. 15/43

Draft from Pasay arrived today. In hellish shape from hard labor, starvation, very little water, and many more sick there but not allowed to be sent in to hospital. From this group we learn the Japs are made as hell about losing Guadalcanal and have read of our tanks actually rolling over them and raising hell. Pasay is without doubt a reprisal camp of the worst order. "H" reports the conditions there in all their lurid colors. Saw the report he made to the Japs. Disease incidence bad. Imagine he will get tangled with the "Boys" as we did over the same thing except that he sensibly confined himself to the figures. Reports one case about moribund which they will not send in. Jap medicos experimenting. Seems to be a common practice to use Americans as laboratory animals.

"W.P." shows up with a trick letter from V. Letter via Jap censorship. Quotes one paragraph: "Am studying the heavenly bodies now. The stars are very near us at this season. Hope to see you soon." W.P. interprets this as general good news. The underlining of "stars" got by O.K. San Tomas has better outside contact than we do and V has probably heard some favorable reports in general. Hardly anymore than that.

Another draft for Cabanatuan from here being made up. Will number about a hundred.

The Jap controlled Filipino press continues to publish great tirades against the Americans. Very bitter and prolific. The serious news of the day, however, is the report that Francisco, Fil. Gen., has been placed in charge of the New Phil. Constabulary. This may be good or it may be bad, nobody being any too sure which side Francisco is on. You would expect the Japs to be pretty sure of their man before placing him in charge of an armed force. Francisco may be one of that old line Philipino Insurrects Group who never went "A . There is a certain group of those unreconstructed guerrillas who have never taken kindly to the U.S. after the Insurrection. Francisco was never one of the Politico Generals in the Philipino Army during Filamerican regime. On the other hand, he was considered a good general, a good soldier. He is fooling somebody--and it could be us. In that case, things don't look to dam bright for Americans in this area at the hands of the Filipinos. The old "water cure" days come to mind, and hill stake outs, and the gruesome treatment of prisoners on both sides in that 1898 episode. A local native army to appose American entry into Luzon also looms. This last part I do not consider too seriously for I still see no reason for any American offensive to retake the Philipines and no prospects of it at the moment. But a repetition of the Span. Amer. War sequel--Insurrection--could result, a little far fetched perhaps, but not impossible. If Francisco is with us, the Japs have made the greatest blunder of their Philipino Campaign.

The Red Cross food remnants which the Japs have had stored up front in the main bldg. was turned over to us today. We are told that

it must last us for 3 mos. Just what 3 mos. has to do with it is something to ponder on. One would jump to the idea that they are expecting a part of us to still be here 3 mos. from now. Naturally some volunteered the idea of more Red Cross after 3 mo. That is doubtful but possible. Anyhow, after 3 mos.--What? It may mean nothing. The food figures out to be about 60 sacks of sugar, 9000 cans corn beef and cans of meat and vegetable ration. Figures out to about 5 cans corned beef, one can mixed vegetable ration per man. Stretched over 3 mos. that ought to be diluted considerably. Stretched out over the time thru the general mess we can get about 100 meals out of it, using 96 cans per meal for about 1000--1300 people. Not much of a ration, that's true, but its something besides waterlilies and the Goddam rice.

The Japs have now sent in some clinical forms which are to be used in keeping records of the patients. These records are to be the property of the Japanese. Just what records we are to be premitted to have is a question. Sort of makes me begin to make a few plans myself relative to records. The explanation of the forms, how to use them, and general instructions are well worth permanently filing. In substance, the form is about that which was suggested by Sartin some time ago. Nogi is to approve and chop mark these. Another gradual step into the running of the clinical affairs of the hospital. Gradually they will take it over.

Another draft of patients from Nichol's Field (Pasay) today, all in bad condition. Usual history of starvation, hard labor and no care. Again we hear of Japs being made over Guadalcanal outcome. They must have taken a hell of a shellacking down there.

Our regular source reported today. Very little of startling character to tell. Rommell falls back a little more, Russian front about the same, Burma about same, no great change anywhere. Confirmed our belief that enemy press reverses the news to their favor repeatedly, according to reports from America. Question remains, "Is our Amer. Rad. doing the same?" KpE.I. never has been very reliable in our experience. Being on the spot and knowing what goes on, and then hearing K9E.I.'S version certainly doesn't do much to establish confidence in K9E.I. and other American Radio Reports. As the Jap officer remarked to Hoffell on Corregidor when discussing the Coral Sea Naval battle--"I think both of our nations are lying." Hitler and Mussolini have conferred again we hear. The report did not cover the last five days. We have had many rumors as usually. None with the quoting.

Clouded over last night and rained. Strange weather for April. Dry season still with us. Another month at least before the Moonsoons shift. It was a pleasant relief and laid the dust.

Apr. 16/43

They brought in Cushing, guerrilla leader who has been active up north. Sorry now that he turned in. Says the Japs got hold of his wife at San Tomas and made her write letters begging him to surrender in order to save her life. Finally wore him down and he gave up. They are taking him to Iloilo tomorrow to have him try to contact his brother who has a guerrilla force in that area.

The Japs are hoping to get the brother to turn in also. One other of the Cushing brothers was shot recently up North. He supposedly accounted for many Japs before they got him.

Japs have now gotten around to the mentor system here as they have it elsewhere in other prison camps, we are divided into groups of ten. Everybody his brother's keeper. If anyone of a group escapes or gets into a jam, all ten pay for it. No strain until somebody "runs" or gets into trouble. Better for all ten to "go over the hill" as I see it.

A Filipino prisoner draft arrived today. They are on their way to the mines to be put to work. Do not appear to be in very good shape.

Intention expressed of putting in gas for galley. We pay for the gas used, of course. Japs had a German-S from the gas plant in here looking over the situation. He mentioned that they had coal enough to last about 2 mos. at the gas plant but he allowed as how according to his way of thinking that would be enough because we wouldn't have to worry after that. His remarks could be interpreted either way, but the general impression was that he was presuming the change in our favor, but whether pessimistically or optimistically stated, too difficult to say.

Apr. 17/43

Japanese press (Tokyo) reports in great detail our taking of Guadalcanal. The general tone of the articles is not a happy one. Quite different from the bombastic propaganda published here in the Philippines. The same papers quote a recent Goebell's speech which is anything but encouraging to the German people.

Have often wondered what ever happened to Colikuka(?) "Cally" was the originator of the word "SNAFFU," it being the name of the poem he wrote in Bataan. The day of our surrender on Corregidor, "Cally" came

barging thru my hole, haversack strapped to him and told me he was being taken north on the mission of getting the forces up north to surrender. There was a lot of strain at that time between the Japs and Wainwright. Wainwright had told the Japs he could surrender nothing but Corregidor, that he commanded nothing down south nor up north and had no authority whatsoever to speak for them that McArthur had retained command of everything but Harbor Defense. The Japs fumed and decided this was a low down American trick etc. Finally, "Cally" was commandeered to be taken north and talk with the boys about surrendering. Cally was an ex cavalryman but for some dam reason this colorful Russian got messed up in the S.M. Dept. I never heard of Cally again until today. From the recently arrived guerrillas I get the unanimous report that he is dead. But I get three different versions of his death. One report is, that he died of Malaria up north. Another report is, that he joined up with the north forces and became a guerrilla, was later caught and shot by the Japanese. Another report is, that, on contacting a guerrilla outfit and began to talk surrender, the guerrillas themselves shot him. As a sequel to this last report, two army men later contacted guerrillas and proposed that they surrender and were duly shot. However, all of the reports from this group of recent arrivals are rather harum scarum accounts which don't ring any too true. A little on the "made for the tourist" side. It will take some time to verify all of them. One Marine, Shroder, pfc. Co. L, reported dead at Cabanatuan for the past month. Only 9 deaths reported from there last month. Had a rumor of the death of Hoffmeyer at Davao, but unfortunately that turned out to be untrue.

Another draft from Nichols Field arrived today. The usual worn out, starved, sickly hulks that always come to us from the Pasay area.

Apr. 18/43

Palm Sunday. Services under the mango tree. The Padre gave us the same talk he dealt out last year, on the significance of Palm Sunday, but the conditions were vastly different. Last year we were huddled in a hot, steamy, underground tunnel, with shells crashing into the hillside above us, smoke, dirt puric acid fumes pouring in thru the air vents, bombs bursting with detonations that wracked and shook the entire mountain side. Sundays and religious days were always heavy attack days. Palm Sunday of 42 was bloody.

Made my formal report on the Investigation of "Painful feet." Quite a farce. However, I don't expect the Japanese to ever ask for a report of that Board. They shouldn't. And I do not think it would be wise for Sartin to offer a report unless asked. It will only arouse the same old autoganism and get us nowhere. The Board succeeded in bringing the condition to prominence enough to get us the use of our "deposited money" for rations, and special rations (such as they are) from the Japanese for the h s . That should suffice as we boosted their diet, the cases got well. Elementary. The fight is to keep that ration. Save the report until needed is the best plan.

The Japs have told us they are not going to fix the main building before the rainy season comes on. We are to reduce our number to 500 and then not use that big building. In fact we have been completely chased out of it.

In a recent Manila newspaper I see that soon there is to be a new cigarette on the Manila market called "VICTORY." I am just wondering if some Filipinos aren't slipping something over on the Japs. The Japs never have seemed to grasp the significance of the two fingered Victory sign so popularly displaced to Americans at times. One group of prisoners was going along and the girls were giving the boys the V sign and the prisoners returning it. The Jap guards began to give the same sign and laugh and apparently enjoying it. It seems that when the Jap guards asked the prisoners what the sign meant, one of the prisoners explained that it meant "Two Pesos."

Apr. 19

Letter from Bob. Doing well. Working hard both at dentistry and on the rock pile. Tells me that the Jap interpreter there says the Lipa detail will probably go to Japan when the work is finished but that Bob will return here. This has its significance.

Received a broken back case from Nichols Field today result of a cave in of hillside. One killed. C.A.L. man.

In spite of the terrific heat several of us are keeping up our daily physical work outs, realizing that it is better to keep accustomed to the sun and maintain some kind of physical tone for "when and if the time comes." Complete resignation has not overwhelmed us yet. Many of us are maintaining a reasonably good muscle tone but on our diet we will never develop any endurance or staying power. Our capacity for physical exertion is still quite low but under improved conditions that would come back--we hope--and still believe.

General wholesale movement to Japan reported under way. Big 1000 draft reported left Cab. via Lingayau and another big draft standing by. Calling on us to dig deeper into our patients "able to travel" to join the draft. Supposed to leave here first of month. The "Colonels" have been particularly tagged for going. I was asked to examine Duckworth in reference to classifying him. He has a post operative hernia as big as a football. Recommended he remain here. It was my honest clinical judgement but I hated to have to write him up that way. He is bad news to have around.

The report of Hoffmyer's death exaggerated. Does not hold water. Too bad. The Calakuka report, however, seems authentic. Even S.M. is verifying that, but details still not authenticated.

The guards have gotten back into the slapping mood again. Slightest provocation or no provocation seems the indication. This runs in cycles. When "unprovoked" slappings are protested again at the front office the office is "so sorry"--"hope it won't happen again"--"maybe deserved" etc. The sons-a-bitches. Japs have had us classify all patients included under "heavy sick" with a red, white or blue tag. As near as we can learn, red tags mean strictly bed cases (heaviest sick), blue tags mean those with head privileges (next heavy sick), white tags are "heavy sick" able to be up and about but unfit for work. I think there is some idea abroad that maybe we are padding our daily "heavy sick" for ration purposes. Well---well---just another one of those yankee tricks, I guess. Did you ever try to fool a child? Magicians all admit that children audiences are very difficult.

However, all indications are that nothing but "heavy sick" are to remain here, and this probably part of the weeding out process.

Freak weather for this time of year. Heavy storm last night and overcast today. This is the dryest and hottest of the Luzon seasons. Very unusual to have this. Not cooling however. Just close muggy and sticky and airless. Miserable dam climate most of the year. A saying just comes to my mind, thinking of Asiatic Freaks etc.--"Everything in the Far East is either monogrammed or stinks"--or both, I might add, while on the subject I will record an observation. When two or more meet in the Orient and stop to talk, before the confab is well underway two things will happen--they will squat on their heels and draw explanatory pictures on the ground and everybody will be scratching their ass. That's real East Asia.

Apr. 21/43

At 2 p.m. word was passed that General Miromoto would make a complete inspection. Usual Jap hubbub. Usual routine. S.O.P. and chiefs of serv. met him at front gate. Material and personnel were gone over--in a fashion. Seemed mainly interested in tattoo marks on the men. Seemed to pay attention to our old men, refugee civilian prisoners. We never have been able to understand why they keep the harmless old derelicts in prison. Long weary drag under a hot sun. Tired when night came. We prisoners had to still bake under the sun while he sat and drank tea following inspection. However--just another day. Nobody killed. But it always makes me mad as hell when, after a day of physical demands I find myself unusually fatigued. Goddam it, one just can't gain or keep endurance under this garbage diet.

Dorland's Med. Dictionary says:

"Barbed Wire Psychosis: Characterized by irritability, loss of memory for pre-war events; found among war prisoners." Brother, we all have it. My memory has become so dam poor I can't hardly recall my own name. Everybody remarks about their inability to remember names, details, or to recall anything they have read or heard. This is present to such a degree as to be disabling. There are somethings, however, that just refuse to be forgotten and daily and nightly, every hour of the day and night, they beat their way into the foreground of mind and memory. And with all the pain and hurt and tugging at the heart strings their memory brings, I would not have them forgotten for all the world.

A brief letter from Bob today. He continues to do well.

Apr. 27, 1943

American prisoner stole a shirt from the line. Made to stand at attention in front of guard house from 3 p.m. until 8:30 a.m. following day. Heartily agree with this punishment. This dam stealing among prisoners should be dealt with severely. Disciplinary measures have been removed from American hands. Had we dealt out adequate punishment and controlled our situation, this would not have happened. There is such a thing as fierce justice--but it is just. George Washington, Andrew Jackson and others knew about that. In the draft for Cabanatuan (enroute to Japan) are to be included are doctors here without jobs. This will include Fred Black (USPHS).

Two days ago Easter Sunday was celebrated. I wonder if there was any egg rolling on the White House lawn on yesterday? According to the local press there were no eggs in America for Easter.

Apr. 28/43

The hot season about at its height. These low buildings and unshaded prisoner yard bake under the brassy sun. Hot as hell. I often wonder if there is still a world where people wear clothes. A g-string and wooden clackers is all I have had on for so dam long as regular wear. Wear shorts for bango.

An arrival from Cabanatuan today reports that the Japan draft from Cabanatuan never went, and the Japs are reporting "no more Japan drafts." Much speculation about this. Our draft which was supposed to go from here has been postponed until "at least May 15."

Apr. 29/43

The Emperor's Birthday--not exactly--It is the 1st Emperors Birthday. Much celebration in Manila. Gen. Tanaka made a speech on Lumeta before 200,000? 70 Philipino prisoners were set free from New Bilibid at Minta Lupa--act of be : of the Emperor. One year ago today, the Japs opened up their drive and "all out" attack against Corregidor which was to result in the surrender of the Fortified Islands. After 4 months of our bombardment and 3 months of shelling, beginning 1 yr. ago today, the Japs began their softening up tactics in a big way and for one week worked us over constantly, day and night with shell and bomb. From 90 batteries of 4 guns each they poured in 3600 shells an hour. They were really eating that rock away. One year ago! A sub and plane was getting out some of the people and I got a letter off. I have often wondered if it ever reached its destination.

Today, our old "friend" Gedding, our old pal "The Field Marshal" arrived at Bilibid with a civilian named Ashley and was locked up in "solitary" for 10 days on rice ball daily. They are supposed to have

"talked about escape" to natives while they were on a work detail in town. Gooding was recently removed from the camp store at McKinley because of mishandling of funds. When the Bastard finished his tour in the h I hope to hell they get him out of here.

Food continually harder to acquire, even at any price. An occassional cocanut available just now. A few pineapples have gotten in. Fish, rice, waterlilies still remains the ration, and dam little of it. Some black beans, well thinned out and watery is gotten by our "indigent fund." Some onions come in occassionally. Gourds are still fed us at times. Just garbage--not good hog food in our country.

The last several press issues we have seen have been absolutely devoid of war news. One paper recently tell of the loss of the Ranger. Otherwise no war news of any kind. This thing is stalemated out here as I predicted a year ago. Japan takes all East Asia and then squats and says "Come get me" and we can't "come." It takes stuff, lots of stuff, to fight 8000 miles and more from Base. Even without a European problem, we would still be facing a mammouth task.

With every report from Cabanatuan I hear of the swell job Beecher is doing up there. He has turned out to be the real leader and man of the whole outfit. More reports of the "Japan movement for Prisoners" being stopped. Queer. Two dead so far this month at Cabanatuan. One, a Mexican, shot for trying to escape. Many on sick list in hospital there. Medical supplies inadequate. Dysentery again appearing in great numbers, Amebic. Japs have no drugs to combat it. Looks like another heavy toll period coming up.

Apr. 30/43

The Japs had a Japanese civilian prisoner in the next compound. He escaped last night. Much furor end to do. If one our group of 10 should escape, nine of us would be responsible. Wonder who's responsible in this case. Moreover he is supposed to have come over top the guard house roof where all the Jap guards are, into our compound--and out. Excellent guards. The guard house has a tin roof also. You could hear even a pigeon walk on it. Looks phoney.

May 3, 1943

Heavy earth quake here today. Lasted about five minutes. One year ago on Apr. 8 (2: a.m. Apr. 9) had a hell of a quake here. Even with all the shelling, bombing and explosions going on in Lataan and Corregidor we could feel it severely.

May 5, 1943

One year ago tonight the enemy landed on Corregidor and we made our last stand. The First Battalion met them first in the East Sector. The Headquarters and service Co. entered the field about midnight in their support. About 4 a.m. the Fourth Battalion, the Regimental Reserve Battalion moved into the East Sector. Casualties began reaching us from the front lines about 9:45 p.m. and we worked in blood and bones all night. By 3: a.m. the enemy had penetrated and infiltrated our lines until the fighting was against the tunnel entrances to our hospital, and all entrances were covered by enemy machine gun fire. All day we had taken an artillery barrage thruout the length and breadth of the Island. Bombing and shelling continued all night as the hand to hand fighting continued. Tanks and fire throwers were reported menacing the behind the lines sectors. The first force to land were handled expeditiously.

The Japs were under the impression our Beach Positions were wiped out by their softening up operations and expected no resistance. Reinforcements were brought in, however from the Japanese we learn that they used 5000 troops and lost about 4000 of them, the most of them being expended before they ever reached the beach.

Today we again received a boxed remains from Pasay which we were not permitted to open before burial. Man named Hinkel, passed thru here several months ago. Was found wandering off toward dynamite storage at Nichols Field, was beaten and tied up for that. Later taken "to Port Area." He was picked up there this morning "boxed." No word as to circumstances of his death. Reported by the men who handled the "box" that the box seemed awful light. There was some question in their minds if there were any remains in the box. The grave is marked. We should know some day--not too far off--maybe.

Cholera is reported in Cabanatuan. The Japs report they have no vaccine for it. We have enough here to give each member of the staff one shot. Took mine today. The staff will be the more exposed group, so, concentrated on them. Hell of mess to be in. Cholera rampant and no vaccine. Another example of the Japanese "No prosperity sphere." No vaccine, no medicine, no food, no shoes, no clothes, no toilet paper, "no paper, no nothing. The "No Prosperity Sphere."

May 6, 1943

One year ago today Corregidor free. The white flag went up at noon. I had been operating since midnight and had heard very little except for a word now and then passed to us in the back end of the tunnel lateral that served as an operating room. The last 24 hrs. had been filled with enough troubles of our own that we hardly had time to wonder about

the other fellow. The incessant artillery barrage of the last several days and bombing flights always over head had kept our central lighting system permanently out and we had been constantly running on our emergency Diesel engine set up in our hospital tunnel. This made our crowded stinking underground refuge like an oven. Our oil was rapidly running out and no prospects for more. Our water lines were blown out. Enemy shells and bombs were landing in our air vents upon which we depended for ventilation, filling the laterals with black powder smoke, picric acid and great clouds of dust. Very few of us however, realized how near out on our feet we were until days after the firing ceased, and we could take stock. At that time I weighed 140 lbs., my rt. leg swelled as big as my thigh with wet Beri Beri, complete paralysis of my right foot and partially so at knee areas of anesthesia all over me, and I had been hundry and thirsty for so long the growing and desire had become just "a want" which I could not interpret as hunger or thirst.

Today I have been a prisoner of war just one year.

Tojo, the Premier himself is in Manila today. Parade and all. His first visit to the Filipines. As the parade passed our prison gate, a local Manila Band was playing behind Tojos car and the tune was "stars and stripes forever."

Two American prisoners arrived here from Mindinao today. They report the Filipinos loyal but the M are with the Japs. The Japs are arming the Moros down south. Moros had turned these 2 americans over to Japs. This arming the Moros can be bad business for us. If they ever get turned loose on us it is just too bad.

Sooner or later I knew damn well I would come to eating soybeans. Japs brought some in and it is mixed with our rice. Ugh! Soy beans are good for what Henry Ford uses it for, plastic material and as a base for paint. They were certainly never meant for human consumption but I have devoured so dam much garbage and inedible substances in the past year, soy beans, a m glove or the ass of my pants won't make a hell of a lot of difference in the 24 hr. ration. If one took the time and trouble to separate rat dung and worms from the rice, horse manure, flies, bugs, ants and sticks from the "poney sugar," one just wouldn't eat. God help the in this mess. How he must suffer.

May 8, 1943

"You do not live on rice: you die on it." He certainly has something there alright. That racket has certainly been a good one for him, but on the other hand, without him, we could hardly have survived.

May 10/43

Yesterday was Mother's Day. Just more heart aches if one thinks about it. Today our censored mailing cards for home were again issued. This will be #3. If the others have any prospect of reaching their intended destination they should be there by now. Every 3 months seems to be the schedule. No mail has reached us yet altho there is every reason to believe mail has arrived for us.

Communique states: tells us that Sept. is the big month out here."

More guinea pig experimenting--brings in ampules containing sod sal., br calcium, sugar and water. Written order is to "use it and report any bad results." He assumes us it will cure T.B. and very good

fer--hell, everything. Another example of the quack childhood state of their medical practices. We are handling the situation "with discretion."

A long time ago I tried to get action against Cummings the Cath. chaplain and herd him in where he belongs. The gutless regime wouldn't act and support me. Since then he has defied the senior M.O. here and everybody else and they see now that clipping his wings early was the thing to do. Yesterday the Japs ask for a recommendation from Sartin for a Cath. chap. to go to Lipa. Sartin nominates Cummings and tells Cummings he has been so nominated. Cummings sees his "pal" Hitoji and Sartin is notified that "Padre Duffy" will go. And Duffy did go. Cummings and Hitoje are thick as theives. Hitoji is "that way" over the Fil. gal at the Cath. rectory from where Cummings gets all his food, money and liquor, etc., such food and money intended for relief of prisoners. Cummings alone benefits. Hitoji is glad to be "go between" for his Fil. gal.

One year ago we were locked up underground and not allowed out of the hot stinking tunnel, filled with flies and mosquitoes and sewer lines disgorging thru our underground laterals. Thankfully, most of us were too far "out" to give a dam or fully appreciate our miserable state. We just breathed and rebreathed each others air, and if we smelled like goats, what of it, and in our semi anesthetic state, our faculties fortunately benumbed, we just vegetated and muddled thru.

This is the season of breathless torid nights--no air, and the earth stays steamy hot long into the nights. Flying ants, mosquitoes,

bats, flies and moths add to the sticky humid unwholesomeness of the nights.

May 13/43

On this date the long drought of news was broken when from all sources, good and bad, regular and irregular, all sorts of stuff poured in and all of it good. It was so good, both from Europe and this theatre, that everybody was mildly exuberant and intoxicated. The details are too numerous to record here but they ranged in nature from the fall of Tunis and completion of African campaign, included American and British landings in Europe, Turkey came across to the Allies, destruction of the Ruhr, Pelau and Celebes invaded by our forces etc etc. A small part of it is true. The rest--pure scuttlebutt--and not so pure. But it certainly did boost a flagging morale here and the boys are really on top of the world tonight. Bob was in two days ago and Gaskill yesterday. Lips not faring too badly. Of course it is no picnic. Flying field is now almost completed. A few well placed bombs should "complete it." No pay yet this month and no word about it. That 25 P's isn't much but it certainly helps. Everybody broke and when you can't buy peanuts or mangoes or something like that, you have to fall back on "the benevolence of the Jap. Emperor" and one can't survive long on it alone yet.

Another proof reading job. Nogi's boy friend, "the prof. of English" and "Philosophy," the propoganda corps guy, came in again. Has to make another speech, had it all written out and I was to proofread it for grammar etc. This was a wow. I don't expect such propoganda to ever do much harm among the Filipinos. It was a conglomeration of various unassociated topics

handled about like a 5th grade U.S. scholar would handle a school composition after having gotten into his father's library and read the words of a page of the Encyclopedia Philosophy (Will Durant's atrocity maybe), an advertising page of some current magazine and in coming out, saw a picture of the American flag. Reduced to its essence it covered these: (1) Beautiful simplicity marks the Jap Language. With ten words you can say ten different things. This, of course, is a defense of the Nippongo they are trying to introduce into Filipines. The Japs at heart know they have no language--just a series of grunts and symbols with little or at best loosely relationship one with the other. The richness and beauty of a language lies in the variety of definite vehicles of expression, not its paucity. Jap communication, one with the other is today very little above the animal sounds and articulations by which they make themselves understand and many animals of the jungle have much more emphony and pleasant sounds in their "speech" than the Japs. Anyone who has lived with these people will admit that. The "language" certainly does need justifying alright. This puerile attempt on the part of my "Professor" won't revolutionize anybody's ideas on the subject either (2) Japanese women do not have style changes in cut of their clothes but make up for it by being very solicitous about, and exercising great artistic taste in their selection of beautiful colors for their underwear. I would like to have asked him what he thought other women wore, burlap sacks? There were parts of this subject which would have been better if left unsaid but my job was grammar and rhetoric and none of my affair. However, I am sure this son of the E had no intention of admitting several things which inadvertently slipped out.

(3) This was a rehash of the other broadcast about the family system of Japan. Same old crap. The Emperor the father and nobody owns nothing but him--including your children--women find their greatest honor in being nothing. That won't ever go over with the strong basic family devotion of the Filipinos. (4) Jap art--simplicity but greatest in its accomplishment. In one flower artist can put his spirit so that you can tell season of the year in everything by that one flower. I wonder what the rest of the world's artists are doing when they paint a flower? It is such puerile assinine dam things as this which plainly show that our young "philosopher" has been exposed to a smattering of art, language, history, economics and philosophy (all of origin outside of Japan) (and written in English too), and by this exposure he has just found out there are wider horizons than he has ever dreams of in his be state in Japan, buried under an avalanche of smug prudish ignorance, and since he is just discovering it, he thinks the rest of the world should hear of it, little dreaming that it has been common property of the world to these many centuries when our history was comparatively young and such things were discussed and appreciated before the great flood. (5) Here he jumped for no apparent reason at all to the metaphysical and mathematical discussion of the "great power of the Zero." He has something there. Anyone who has lived in the "Co prosperity Sphere" soon learns that "No" prosperity sphere "is correct. This Zero is just about as typical of the country and the roll as any single thing I know. The "red ball" to me is not a rising sun. I have

heard it called everything--"flying and flaming assholes," "fried eggs" etc. but to me it is a zero--yes, that was some speech. It said and will accomplish--zero. This "Prof." is a woman I do believe. "she acts and smells like it anyway." Flutters and titters and giggles and gurgles and switches and fritters about waving a scented handkerchief--a coy sweet thing. She gets too close to me at times. The feminine hormones are so rampant in the b of all their m that you have to take their pants off to know whether to say "aitus" (not otoko) or "onna," and even then one can't always be sure. They are always wiggling their knees when sitting, like a little ten year old girl who always has it pee.

May 15/43

Still no pay this month. On the hungry side. Can't subsist on what the yellow boys give us. However, even with our pitance of bayonet money, it goes less for each month and little by little we fall back on regular prison fare as extras become more difficult to get. The local press now admits the fall of Tunis, one week after we had learned of it. They describe it as a hollow victory, coming too late to do us any good etc. Many of us remember however when Germany claimed the control of Africa as essential to winning the war. The little Jap S.M. Sgt up front got Feifer behind some sacks and mentioned that "The Americans are winning--I have seen it in the papers," Jap guards have mentioned that all Japs have "white clothes" which they can change into if they have to and parade as Filipinos. Filipinos could take care of that but I doubt if there will ever be any reason for that. I do not expect the end to come like that. An early rainy season this year. Rained hard all last night and today. This is probably not the full onset but usually in the two or three weeks

in the two or three weeks before the rains come we have rains at night and showers at some time during the day. The steaming earth thirsty drinks it up as fast as it falls in these early weeks and it is turkish both weather, humid and drippy and airless. One lies in a damp puddle at night and wallows in his own juice. The downpour brought out the same old leaks that were with us last year. Drip. Drip. Drip. Messy. Have to spread a shelter half over your sleeping platform--if you have a shelter half. Which reminds me that this bunk of mine which I made out of chicken wire when I first arrived here has stood up pretty well but it is sagging some now and needs some general overhaul. Will probably do that this week. Many here never expected to spend another rainy season in Bilibid. They use to call us "defeatists" when we laughed at them and tried to point out to them how in their utter ignorance of things martial they must not build themselves up to a painful let down. Of course they have changed now. Practically all have given up any serious speculation. I think the most optimistic wishful thinker in the place at this time would settle for another year. Of course they have little flurries of encouragement with news arrivals. Thats O.K. They need it. It does serve a good purpose. At least we are not in the position today of knowing we are taking a hell of a shellacking daily on all fronts while we helplessly stood by and took it and unable to dish anything out. That was a truly disheartening period. If many of these grips of the famous Canacao Heroes had really known the truth they would probably have pissed their breeches. As I see matters today the brothers will be dam lucky if they don't see another full rainy season right here in Bilibid. Reports are coming to us of a landing in France but to date I have been unable to get any confirmation of this.

Of course we are hoping--hard. The Japs brought in another bunch of pigs they have been keeping down at "headquarters." They are sickly looking starved creatures. Some as our pigs but nowhere never size of ours. Those bastards would starve anything to death. Great zero philosophy. The pigs are plainly sick and look like they may have hog cholera. We explained to them that they shouldn't be put in there with healthy pigs. You might as well talk to the pigs. You would get further. One of them died a few hours later and we had to autopsy it and make a report to the dam paymaster (a son of a bitch). Ulcerated guts and starvation reported. Best we could tell. They later sent in a couple of Jap Vets who decided it was cholera and gave the pigs some injections.

The big news of the day was reported by a truck driver arriving saying he had seen 60 bags of American mail for prisoners, on the dock in the port area. We heard a long time ago there was mail for us but nothing ever came of it. I'm scared to death to read my first letter--if I should get one. I've been out of touch with the world for a long time now. And in spite of all the good news--time marches on--and here we sit--for what? to rot? It has been a long time now. Memories of Bataan and Corregidor have long since given place to more recent events and those of us who opened the game out here and flashed across the page for the first few innings have long been forgotten, which is of course as it should be. Our memory cannot contribute to the pro of this war any more than an exploded cartridge shell. We shot our wad and are marked expended. It is proper and fitting. We cannot carry false values into a war and win it. Better that we are buried as deeply in the minds of our people as our dearest battle dead.

May 16/43

More rain again last night. Overcast today. Some relief from the broiling sun.

May 17/43

Another pig died. Of course we are responsible. The Jap paymaster is a dirty son of a bitch. If they don't segregate those sick ch the well ones will go bad sure as hell. Still raining. Looks like the real McCoy but it isn't. Will clear up in a few days. Prelude stuff. The spanish class petered out. The boys didn't want to study any more. Just as well. We were carrying on sub rosa and it was a little difficult. Now that I have no class I have begun my 3rd spanish story. The 1st two are short. This one is more involved and should take me 3 mos. at least to complete. Hogan is illustrating it for me. My first one, "El Co viejo" I like O.K. The second one, "U Persona Inexperta" is a "boom-boom" with a comedy end. My present opus, more serious and a problem of geneology. A modern version of the King Solomon identification story. I still find my days filled. I see to that. Up at 6, bango at 6:15, read until 7:30 (breakfast) usually some surgery, make my rounds and dictate to waxy for 1½ hrs. Noon meal (joke). Then work on shorthand until 2 p.m. shave, bathe, work on spanish until 5:30 p.m. After chow, more spanish until Bango, and for an hour more after Bango. To bed by 9:30. Interruptions of course every day. Routine inspections, emergencies, g2 stuff etc. But the above is the planned day for everyday. Every minute my brain is not occupied I am painfully unhappy. My constant driving doesn't take away the whole heart tug by any means--but it sure as hell helps.

May 18/43

It cleared today. Hotter than ever.

May 19/43

Clashed severely with Sartin and Joses today. A corpsman, Pea one of the finest men I had with me reported to Sartin the food irregularities observed here by the galley, warrant officers and several other favored few. The warrants proceeded to put the boy on the spot. I had to tell Sartin that Pea would not be bullied by any of his dam satellites or I'd take a hand in this thing and split it wide open. Sartin agreed to take the matter in his own hands but of course he will do nothing to remedy the situation will not remove Fifer from the galley nor any of his henchmen. The warrants still run this place. I have warned Sartin that he and Joses can whitewash there warrants and "yes" men but I wouldn't and sooner or later I'd spill the whole dam story. Just another sickening episode, another example of the wishy washy goddam pantywaist incompetency that has marked this outfit from the very beginning. My only gain in this affair was to protect an honest American boy who was doing his duty and had the guts those Sartin and Joses lack.

May 21/43

To keep from changing galley force, Sartin and Joses elected to issue individual rations of corn beef and sugar from our supply. I voted against it and pointed out that the supplies if handled honestly in the galley would benefit the camp more. This procedure was frank admission that he couldn't or wouldn't handle his galley force and keep them honest. What a sorry mess! Jap med. officer from Cabanatuan came in today to talk about painful feet. He is the "research man" up there.

What he was plainly after was a copy of our board report which we furnished him. As usual, he is a babe in the woods. Tells us how very familiar he is with the subject--"having read several books about it." As a matter of fact I know that he has accomplished nothing up there. These Japs are toying with too big propositions when they enter the field of modern medicine. A people of such low mental age as a rare (average perhaps 9.5 yrs.) and with such a low potentiality for absorbing, understanding or using any knowledge, culture, or other

elements which becomes en toto "civilization," cannot be expected to meet the ordinary problems of life in a manner that can be described as a normal human reaction. And an achievement of any mental goal is certainly not to be expected where reason is a requirement. These people can be taught like monkeys. Ring a bell and do this. Ring 2 bells and they do that, and they can imitate very well. But medicine requires ingenuity, original thought, application of principles as well as interpretations etc. No. This little guy acted interested as hell, and he was as proud of himself as could be, but of my God! A hopeless monkey on a stick. There was no world beyond his horizon. There is no world beyond any of their horizons, and their horizon is at the tip of their nose--and they are near sighted--mentally and physically--and spiritually. The surgical service is slowing up some. Fewer cases come to us since Camp O'Donnell equipment arrived in Cabanatuan, our turnover is less, emergencies are fewer, and we are catching up with the surgery requiring attention as hang overs from

combat days. Reconstruction jobs are pretty well caught up. The bastard Aquino who is so anti American (was before the war) and who has so actively tried to poison the Fil. against us, head and organizer of the Galipapos was reported killed--shot by a shot gun in Pampangas while making a speech. The press printed a big picture 2 days later of Aquino making a speech in Pampangas. Nothing about his shooting. But, there is a new head of the Galapapas and a new assistant now. Aquino has never been mentioned again in the press. Before that he was always mentioned in these activities. I have been unable to have his death confirmed by outside sources but the indications are very much in favor of it. I sincerely hope so. His death means a very definite affront to all Jap propoganda to the effect that full Fil. coop eration with Japan is in force. If his death is true, there are a few others and there who are shaking in their boots a little and I doubt if there will be much more speech making by several of them. Vargas has been markedly quiet since the reported Aquina shooting. Reprisal treatment increasing at Pasay. Starvation continues. More beatings. Bress has been beaten up and scalp split open by a pistol butt. The Japs plainly talk and act bitterly because of their reports of Guadalcanal. They are openly mean because of it. General treatment of prisoners growing worse at all camps. More "injection medicine brought in for experimentation." Formula not given for this one. We have requested the formula of Nogi. After all--.

A letter from Nichols Field tells of the pitiful conditions there among our prisoners.

Ashton in from Batcan with a wild story of having had some altercation with Japs, tied up to a tree all night and threatened with beheading. But Ashton is such a bull shooter, better to wait before following for that stuff. Also yarns of our men having rifles in the wards etc. Ashton always was very much "boom-boom." "Benny the Buzzard" has been ordered to Cabanatuan. Everybody is glad to see that Goddam trouble maker go. He hates Americans and has done everything possible to make our life miserable. Besides deprivation of ordinary human comforts, this son of a bitch has always robbed food issues coming in to us, even that intended for the very sick. He was a big feature in the looting of our American cigarettes. Just naturally mean. A new Medical Sgt. arrived from Cabanatuan. He has the reputation of being "not a bad sort." There are four degrees of politeness in Jap speech. Kasabe always used the "coolie" degree toward Americans. This new man--so far--uses a medium usual degree with a "please" in it. We shall see.

May 30/43

Memorial day. A flower on my Granddad's grave today. We had memorial services here for our dead. The mounds and crosses have increased considerably up there along the prison wall since last year. The roll call was a long one. Last year it rained during our service. This year the sun broiled and baked and stabbed at the eyeballs. Gen. Miromoto sent a wreath Nogi and Horabi were present. It has cleared and continues hot. Real rains not yet with us. Nogi like all the rest

of the yellow boys. Appeared with 2 wrist watches on his arm. May be he would appreciate an alarm clock to hang on him. As they say in the hills "well, I'll be a suck egg mule!" what a people! An effort was made today thru our "outside" contact to interest the church and other local interests in Pasay in hopes something can be done to alleviate that situation out there. More can be done that way than by our taking it up again with Nogi. The last time we took it up was when Nogi got sore and has never gotten back to pleasantries of any kind since--until today. Today for the first time in many months he talked about personal things--wished the war was over--families--etc. Local press mentioning Europe today for first time in many days--citing many places around the entire coasts of Europe where landings may occur, but tells why none of them are any good. Sounds very much like the stuff they put out before Tunis fell. We are inclined to believe there may be landings already affected. A Jap admiral lost--killed--or something "on one of the foremost fronts." There has been some fighting of a serious nature in the Aleutians. To keep from going nuts--I am working on my 3rd story in spanish. My first two were comparatively short yarns, "El Coronel Viejo" and "La Persona Inexperta" and have been well received around the camp. This one I am now writing is much longer and more involved. It is not the spanish which is holding me up but the English. It is very involved. A geneological problem. This fills my days but the nights are long and miserable and too conducive to thinking and remembering. My eyes won't take the strain of these dim lights. Found some coffee hidden away in a box that S.M. sent in to me a long time ago when we had contact. It is in whole bean and green. Cooked some up last night and cooked it in a skillet. Made a pot full and several of us sat around and drank

coffee and then stayed wide awake all night. Had forgotten I had this. We have a lad here named Ware--corpsman--mechanical genius. He made an electrical baseball game out of the engine taken from a hair clipper and the boys have been getting a big kick out of it. Today "dumb bastard Akito" comes along and sees it and in his stupid way assumes it must be something diabolical, probably with direct connection to the states and confiscates it. They sort of kidded hell out of him at the front office but they had to get permission from Headquarters to permit it. More general mental unrest again appearing as to whether our families are being cared for at home. Whether our allotments are being carried on. We have some reason to believe that our first mailing cards have reached the states, in which case we are known to be alive up till that date but how the comptroller will look on us is the question. Frankly I am concerned but there ought to be enough of us with families in the same fix to swing a little home sentiment in their favor. We were a sacrifice group and the least they can do is take care of our families. Reports from Cabanatuan that their food is much worse now. As bad as food has always been, it is getting worse, and worse everywhere. Expect it to get tougher. The Filipinos outside are passing the word to each other and have passed it to us that food is very scarce and best to store up about a 2 mo. supply ahead if possible. These people fully believe that in 2 mo. things were be all our way. It is good they can think that way but their reasoning won't stand analysis. It is evident that Japs are not bringing any food in here and local stuff is pretty well used up. We are eating skimpier every day. Very little at midday any day. Peanuts help. Dry rice mostly. Fish is now a little salted dry variety that stinks and almost as big as a minnow. One or two each is the portion.

Tong Koug is with us--the dam marsh water lillies, but they are usually rotten when they arrive. It looks like rice or nothing and dam little rice. Know hunger quite often again now. General decided in wt. now. Deficiency disease complaints on upgrade again. Even with 25 Pesos one can't get enough for a month to have a sustaining diet. Particularly bad period during the "broke" days at the end of the month--like now. Have my belt drawn up close just now. Local papers headlining cloth ration in Manila. Tells in detail how Papa can have 1 shirt, 1 pr. drawers per year etc. Encourages wearing shorts. The Coprosperity sphere certainly is cutting sharp corners. In spite of one denial report from outside, it is very probable now that Aquino is dead. Nogi tells us he has heard there is lots of mail in Japan for American prisoners. We believe it is already here on Luzon but they just don't get around to censoring it. Civilian internees at San Tomas have been moved lock stock and barrel to Los Banos. The press played up the idea that it was cooler and more comfortable etc. The fact is, the Japs wanted San Tomas and they wanted to isolate the internees more. Already they have issued thru the press the uselessness of families and friends who have members or friends in Los Banos camp to move to the area because NO CONTACT would be permitted. Incommunicado status of civilians is their latest squeeze.

June 1, 1943

Young American officer (Lt. Caspar) recently taken as a guerrilla brought in today from Santiago. In pitiful shape. Beat up and hung down by his heels for 13 hours. Tried to get guerrilla information out of him. Caught him with implicating papers on him including a German passport.

Fortunately, the Japs seem to place more importance on his guerrilla activities as such than upon his evident espionage status. Otherwise they would have beheaded or shot him. Caspar reports that Gen. Tonoka has been relieved and a new General now in charge of the Filipino Department. The Japs told Caspar Tonoka wasn't tough enough to handle the guerrilla crowd here. This new Gen. is a tough son of a bitch by reputation. This new general probably explains the recent troop movements of present Japs new ones coming in. It is customary that when one Gen. moves, he takes his army with him. From all I can learn, this new army is a bunch of kids word from Bob at Lipa is to that effect. Caspar reports 10 other Americans at Fort Santiago still subjected to beatings.

Our organized system of communication has been completely shut off for some time as far as news is concerned. I have contact but it is for more important purposes than retailing radio news and have been afraid to mix up my contact with news. However, stuff does get into us and today via a mechanic from the outside came word that we had landed in Spain and elsewhere on the Continent. Sounds good to us and we are hoping to confirm it. Received our 25 Pesos today. I'll have one good gut full anyhow. (maybe). Drafts arrived from the work camp at Clark Field. Pellagra and starvation, nephritis etc. To date, 50% of us taken prisoner have died. Starvation mostly, or from diseases which could have been cured if allowed medicine and available food with which to properly treat them. Did a rib resection on a case today but no chance of saving him. Plainly a liver abscess which had ruptured into lung. Has been on the medical service and called a pneumonia. This Goddam fool Welch won't let any of his medical staff ask surgical consultation

unless he says so, and he hates like hell to let us see any of his cases. This one was moribund. Much puss--typically amebic--lived about 6 hrs. Autopsy revealed the expected pathology--isolated liver abscess rt. dome of liver, ruptured into lung, entire rt. lung destroyed. Amebic dysentery is a big fear we all have. No specific medication available to us to treat it. Once you get it it is just too bad. That 50% isn't the final score by any means. Another letter from Bob tells of them landing their first place on the Lepa field. From all reports that f _____ isn't going to work very well. The plans are excellent. The accomplishment poor. Operated Ad _____ today. Emergency case from Calucan also. Acute belly. A group of Americans and Igarates arrived here as prisoners from Bagno. Fair shape. Five of Igarotes placed in solitary. Much news from various sources. Most of it turns out to be 180° wrong. No more. They put the bee on him. "The walls have ears" sez he.

June 3

News and later events indicate the Japs did take a licking in the Aleutians. They are still howling like hell in the local press, trying hard to justify their defeat. They kept the paper away from us, telling about the loss of their _____ in _____. Their headlines were "American loses face in taking Atu." American sailor comment was: "we may have lost our face but you lost your ass." Food grows poorer in quantity and quality. Peehay and Tong Kong rotten when received. No fresh meat anymore. Small hunks of putrid Chinese pig that has been pickled (stinking stuff) comes in occasionally. Much stench. Vitamin deficiency diseases of the eyes are increasing.

June 6

Much wild news continues to come in. However, very little of it can be confirmed or accepted. An ex Filipino officer now quartered up in the front office with the Japs. He states he has recently been freed from prison at San Fernando. He doesn't look like any recent prisoner. Has lots of clothes. Somewhat on the effeminate side. That along would make one suspicious of him as being on the "other side."

June 7

Turck drivers from Cabanatuan come in last night with so much wild cat news that everybody was all hopped up. However, it still doesn't ring good and our outside contact refuses to confirm any of it being reported over radio. If this news were true, the Jap Fleet is no more. Landings in Europe etc., Portugal and Turkey declared war etc. Too much and nobody else has heard it. Guess we will have to scratch this one off.

Prisoner serving up in front office says Filipino officer makes all kinds of "v" signs with table ware. Rock over the wall tells us to look out for him. That he is a son of a bitch with the Gestapo. Trying to learn how much news we are getting and what our morale and attitude is. Another bastard to be shot one of these days.

Records now show that over 50% of prisoners taken at force of Bataan and Corregidor have died. Starvation and killings.

June 8/43

A draft arrived from Corregidor. With them came Dr. Hewlitt and one Navy Corpsman. Interviewed them on arrival. Hewlitt has had good contact. No confirmation of the wild cat stuff we have been hearing lately. A "late flash" last night by the "bamboo" route tells us the Japs are getting

ready to leave the Islands and the Constabulary is to take over. We have heard this before. The message ended with "good treatment is promised you" and it was signed "a loyal supporter." This "loyal supporter" is free with "news" but none of it ever "clicks." Another case of Black Water Fever in an officer recently captured with guerrillas up north. The second case I've seen during the war. Termites are into our meager supply of cotton and gauze. Began running the b lts thru our sterilizer. It is a night and day job as our little sterilizer only takes one b lt at a time. Now have five men under instruction in the O.R. Surgery has taken a spurt this month.

June 13/43

A draft from Palawan arrives. Reports from that camp are horrible. Morale completely gone. Men reduced to animal existence, sex perversion rampant, no clothes, no shoes, hardly enough food to survive. Men desperate. Making runs for it to the hills. Working naked in the jungle exposed to cobra, mosquitoes, bees and spiders. Brutalities daily. Practically no medicine. Pellagra, scurvy, beri beri prevalent. Malaria and dysentery among them. Heard from Bob at Lipa. Living conditions fair but something haywire with the command there. Judge from his letter that all is not well with the chain of command among the Americans. Gaskil was probably at the bottom of that food racket deal when Bob knocked the hell out of the Army Captain. It isn't all beer and skuttles out there. Another body from Pasay today. Gave us no diagnosis and would not let us open it up. Buried without inspection. We have accurate reports that this case died as a result of beating with a cudgel. Aquito, the Jap Sgt. leaves us. Goes to Cabanatuan. He

has been a four eyed bastard and much trouble to us. He walks, screams, thinks and talks like a common sc ld, a fish monger's wife, a shrew. Another sexual pervert who has made our lives miserable with his petty meannesses. We hate his guts. From reliable sources we learn today that the San Tomas internees who were taken to Los Banos have been returned to San Tomas and 1500 have been set free. No explanation of this as yet. Those set free are chiefly those with homes here in Manila. There are many over there which there is no sense holding. The rains are well with us now. Raining every day and night as the typhoon season gets under way. Usual disagreeableness. Everything leaks, decks and best wet.

June 19/43

Heard today of the Extraordinary Diet Meeting in Tokyo. Tozyio's speech and the sudden decision to give Filipinos Independence at once and the general expectancy outside (of the natives) for "something to happen," when combined with our latest information by Bamboo and "Faithful supporter" route would indicate to us that the Japs aren't doing so well just now. The local press is turning out any number of "extra editions" relative to the Independence stuff but their war news is scanty, and where it is given, we can read enough between the lines to know that the enemy are beginning to feel the pressure. Great concern is still being manifested as to how much news we are getting and what we really know of the situation. So far they have learned exactly nothing, but they are still leery about us and have a pretty good idea that we aren't exactly uninformed but they fail utterly to learn a dam thing as to the leaks in their incommunicado system. Have operated two cases from Pasay in last 2 days. Acute abdomenus that have been kicked around and made to work in spite of their extreme

illness. We notified Yakasiji and Nogi again about the horrible conditions at Pasay. Yakasiji admitted to Sartin today that "the people running Pasay are Jap Navy and they have heard how bad the Japs were treated at Guadalcanal and that is probably why they act so." This is an open admission that Pasay is a reprisal camp. The shooting of a prisoner named Saneberz was reported. Yakasiji and Nogi came in and questioned the patients from Pasay, all of whom told a straight forward story of seeing Sanchez beaten and shot while he was lying unconscious by a latrine where he had crawled to because of his dysentery and where he was found prostrate by the guard. His body was dragged to the side and shot again and then buried. Yakasiji and Nogi replied that "he was trying to escape." The patient replied. "He couldn't try to escape. He was out cold. That was why he was beaten and shot. He couldn't work. He was too sick." Yak and Nogi replied "He was trying to escape. Good day: "and left. We have also reported eye witness reports of Hinkle being beaten to unconsciousness and then shot. The last box they brought in here for burial which we couldn't open contained the remains of another case beaten to death with a club.

June 20/43

We are to be inspected by the new Director General of the Filipines and "the highest ranking officials of the Dept. of Information from Tokyo." Had a dummy run today when Nogi and Yakasiji went thru and Hurabi. The usual half assed stuff with a lot of silliness and learning nothing about the place. The big inspection was to be tomorrow but after the dummy run today, Nogi reports it will not be until the 23rd or after. After the dummy run today, Yak came back to talk to Haas and began questioning him as to what he knew or thought about the war. Haas played

dumb as hell, quoted the local press which they allow us to see. They are worried as hell as to what we know. In the course of their conversation Haas wormed out of him that we here in Bilibid would probably not go to Japan as most officers at headquarters had decided against it because we didn't have any heavy clothes and there was more food to feed us here in the Filipines than in Japan. Well, judging from what we are getting here, they must be dam bad off in Japan. This is Sunday---and Father's Day.

June 21/43

Repeat reports today on the Aluetian Naval battle which we had discarded as "not confirmed." The Jap Cinc was lost up there--reported as hari Kari case after loss of his fleet. There are general reports over the Bamboo of a general offensive in the Pacific getting under way. "Loyal supporter" cracked thru again today with news which has much reliable background for it concerns projects with which we are already familiar "Uncle Joe" has been cut out entirely. Surgery continues active. Running a higher number of cases this month than usual owing to emergencies. Our Black Water Fever case has recovered. Hungry these days, Prices still advance. Our pa 25P's don't last for peanuts until the 15th anymore. You either eat rancid dried chinese pickled pork and water lillies or you don't eat. D rice still doesn't go down well. The gourds and marble sized eggplant and pechay they sent in today was so putrid that even the new Jap Sgt. was worked up about it. They wouldn't want the Dept. of Information to hear much of that--maybe.

June 29/43

I'm hungry. I'm usually hungry these days. The Jap chow allowed us has deteriorated so, even from the inadequate miserable dole that it was, that just plain dry rice is all that is fit to eat and they are putting the squeeze on that. All left over rice has to be weighed and

reported. Headquarters is about to cut the rice allowance again. Food deficiency diseases are again becoming prevalent among us. I doubt if there can be a hell of a lot in the Islands. Even when the Philipines were producing rice normally they have to import 60% of their rice. There is very little if any rice getting in here from Saigon. The Jap mainland is getting that if there is any being hauled. The Island people here are raising enough for their own families, none for the market. Hence--no rice. No meat to speak of. There never was much local meat and practically none now--except when a caribao dies. What fruit and vegetables are available in the country can't be brought in because there is no transportation. The sugar mills have diverted their work to making an alcohol fuel for cars. The food control board last month allowed 500 g , less than 1 half pound per person in Manila for 1 mo. If we get a little "poney" sugar it costs us 1.60 P per kilo. Bananas come in to us sometimes at 5¢ each for one the size of your thumb. We have depended a lot on peanuts for our protein. For 25¢ we could get a can full about the size of a small condensed milk can. Now they have advanced until you are almost buying peanuts per each. An occassional mango is seen but not eaten--normally buy them at 2-5¢. Cost now 75¢ each. Of course nobody can afford that. In the last analysis we are back where we were a yr. ago--to the Jap slop ration plus some mongo beans we can buy, an occassional egg (duck) and once in a while we can buy enough meat to give everybody about 2-4 ounces of meat, with these scanty extras named growing scarcer and scarcer and every evidence present we are just about up to that line we have been looking for to eventually arrive--the time when we are reduced to nothing

but the Jap ration and then deteriorates daily. Had a little experience of the water-desert-mirage character. We were able to get hold of some caribao recently. Craving meat protein for so long, was all set for at least an ounce or two of chewing meat. The stench that rose from the stew bowl would have floored an ox. It was so putrid cockroaches ran from it. There was nothing to do but draw up the belt another notch and seek relief from the gnawings of a gut vacuum by trying to sleep.

The big inspection was held on the 23rd. Turned out to be the Head of all Jap Military Prison camps wherever they may be." Big shot from Japan. Even had General Miromoto lined up to give him the big salute. The usual routine "walk thru" stuff.

Pasay continues to be the reprisal hell hole. Beatings, killings, starvation and deaths from neglect. Lack of medicine, food, and clothing, the sadistic vengeance of the guards continue to take a high toll. We have been assured by Yakasiji that the "situation" is being looked into" but the same criminal routine continues.

Drafts continue to come into us from Corregidor, Lipa, and Bataan. Another big guerilla draft arrived yesterday. These were locked up in a segregated section with instructions that they could talk "only among themselves and in a low tone so they could not be heard over the wall." Many Americans among them. One Colonel now confined in solitary. He "fell out" on the march from Bataan to O'Donnell after the surrender, and was carried to a native house from which he later escaped and just recently recaptured.

Very little news getting thru to us now. This seems to be due not only to the fact that our "system" is a little bawled up for the moment but also that there isn't a hell of a lot news being released. Even the Japs have toned down their flagrant reports recently.

The general expectancy of the camp, however, among those who are not too carried away by their wishful thinking is to expect nothing favorable toward our getting out of this mess under another year--or longer. Of course nobody is any too happy about it. Frankly, as I see it now. I'd settle for a yr. and think I was getting a bargain. Another note from Bob at Lipa. He's having a tough bit of going just now. Wish there was something I could do about it.

Good example of the Coprosperity Sphere is the toilet paper situation which has become laughable. In the absence of Amer. corncobs, toilet paper, and the scarcity of paper or cloth of any kind, the Japs have decided to be generous and each morning a man distributes to each bunk, a single sheet of Jap toilet paper, and that is your daily allowance. It is of a texture that makes you think it will melt in the sun. A corncob is armour plating in comparison.

July 2/43

Arrived Bilibid one yr. ago today. Phil. draft from #1 arrived today at about same time we did one yr. ago--intense heat. They looked bedraggled, parched and weary--like we did. Like one yr. ago heavy rain began immediately on our arrival. The draft is going south to Vizaya--mine working detail--free, forced labor--coprosperity. Comments by "visiting firemen"--"should take their spoons away."--"eat with fingers." An officer minus both legs caused much merriment among them. Big joke.

Destruction of papers and plans. Corregidor detail arrived. Wilson among them. Very glad to see him. Placed him on sick list. He is being operated tomorrow. Several of my corpsmen arrived. Able to clear up their records to date. Novak case comes up again. C wants Sartin to recommend him for promotion. I filed an official contrary recommendation this date. P tougher and tougher. Deaths increasing. 2 docs take rap. desperate situations. Unfortunate reaction may occur at any time according to late bamboo. "Rock" reports voluminously. Much favorable. Exchange reported out of question however. Puts us behind the 8 ball. Garbage measuring continues. It's all garbage--before and after.

June 4/43

Nobody is burning their fingers on firecrackers this fourth of July. Heavy tropical rains are setting in for their long constant downpour. More "box" from P. Becoming more frequent daily. Reports grow worse. Statements taken. Y states "strong protest" to be made. Very little expectancy. Reports from Neilsen, C indicate a general toughening up of the regime all over. Bilibid notified they are to "broadcast" to states "how we are treated." Limited enough in scope to sound O.K. Our people showed sense the situation. Repeated reports of increased activity with allied advances in Celibes and elsewhere. Facts distorted by propaganda of course. Good old "Byrd" jacket! "The wolf" and "Cherry Blossom" and the "white angle" are names for "the book." Along with Hari Kusabi, "Benny the Buzzard" Akito, Hitaji, "The Grinning Prick with Gold Teeth," "Neanderthal," et al. The new Sgt. feels very officer-ish in a pair of rubber boots which he wears all the time--wet or dry weather.

They have finally gotten the long skinny Korean into a pair of shoes after a year.

July 5/43

They brought Bob in on a stretcher today from Lips. Looks like a basilar polio.

July 6/43

~~Bob died today.~~

The world is poorer in having lost that guy. He was the soul of loyalty. May have survived because of his courage and his sense of duty to humanity. We buried him in the upper compound. Thruout this war he has been my one shipmate. I feel very much alone.

July 7/43

New interpreter in place of Hitaje. Speaks good English. Started off by interviewing two gunner's mates on our Navy guns and equipment "with a view to improving our gunnery" says he. So far he has learned exactly nothing. But this guy is smart. He knows Americans enough to have a free competent use of their slang and swear words. If he is "with us" we should benefit much. If he is "against us" he will be a hard nut to crack. Chambers in from P. To make a statement for N & Y. We are still pounding on that subject in hopes. Reports of more action in S.W.--Americans in So If true--most encouraging.

Rations reduced incident to garbage weighing. Food situation outside worse. Only rice and salt within price means of average citizen. Soap 7 Ps a bar. No gas. Alcohol costs 25P's a litre. Milk 40 centavos $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. (1 small glass). Bananas 3-5¢ each.

July 9/43

The rains continue. Japs announce that they want a broadcast by Sartin and some of the corpsmen--for states consumption. They state that "it must be good" which means favorable to them. "Y" says he doesn't want us to lie but anyhow, we mustn't use such words as "malnutrition," "Xerophthalmia," "Pelagra," "Beri Beri" etc. The degrading nasty features are hot to be allowed to rear their ugly head. This is a procedure quite in line with their activities in other prison camps. It is to be considered in the same category with (1) making prisoners of war work on military projects, (2) medical personnel not permitted to serve in their noncombatant capacity in caring for the sick but assigned to hard labor (3) starving and beating Americans to death and then sending floral wreaths to decorate their graves, stealing the American Red Cross cigarettes and then issuing us ten nasty local or Jap made weeds called cigarettes which they wouldn't smoke--while they can get ours. Please God may the American people have the sa and perspective to let them penetrate the veneer of a vaselined word picture our broadcasts will have to be our Amer. ingenuity, I hope, will not fail us, in our efforts to indicate something nearer the truth.

Col. Lindsay, Ch. Gun. mate Sullivan and gunners mate Grew cross examined for information as to American ordnance. Another violation of the rules of land warfare agreed to by civilized nations. Japs admit they want to improve their gunnery. They were a little surprised and upset when Lindsay began telling them all about their own artillery and explaining to them that we had all the details on their guns and what they could do.

Quite a bit of interest worked up today when a long silent source took a long shot chance to get thru the word that "we are giving them hell up north and I do mean up North." Circumstances prevented any further explanatory details. Something big going on apparently. Natives are all excited outside and several have made efforts to get a story in to us. Everybody in exuberant spirits outside. Local press is howling and frantically endeavoring to offset radio propaganda coming into the Islands by absurd articles and claims which claim nothing.

The military police have been interviewing our guerrilla brig prisoners today. Still keeping them in solitary confinement. Even those on stretchers had to be carried to front building for questioning.

Surgery continues. Looks like there will always be a demand for us.

"Willie" passed on a possible money prospect today. Began contact efforts. Looks like a life saver if we make it. Have been broke some time now and hungry much of the time. The best use for money right now is powdered milk which is available to us for a while--if we have any dough. Like everything else, it won't last long. Also got message on way to Sat re Bob.

Continue to work on my spanish novellette. Shake up in book and paper routine. Necessary to again "clean house." Makes the third time I've "unloaded." Book censoring under way. Advance word. This new. interpreter behind much of this "mosiness" and "shaking down." He's an ex Jap gardner of Manila. Use to live in Colorado.

Out of all the mail supposed to be here for American prisoners, this camp received 15 out of 500. I wasn't lucky.

In spite of face saving remarks by N & Y incident to latest "P" statements, there has been a change in command over there and conditions improved. Our "outside" agency has worked well. More recent draft arriving report very marked changes for the better. Face saving demonstration. Not because they want to change.

July 13

Draft from Palawan. Two men reported shot for escaping. One a mach. mate from the Mindanao--Wilson. The other a Marine named White. Recaptured by constabulary. The new Constab reported as doing a swell job for the Japs down there. Very much pro jap E d. Conditions at Palawan still unhappy but this crowd did not look in as bad condition as many we see here. The last report from there was the most lurid picture of any camp yet reported--but the report was . Knight which makes it of poor authenticity. Following our offensive activities in the S.W. of the past several weeks the local papers speak of Japan referring to "the peculiar situation" that has developed in our war against the Anglo Saxons." Willie and I attempting contact for money. It is out there for us if we can only get it in. Got a message to Sat today about Bob's death. The long awaited mail for prisoners finally delivered. Out of 500 letters 15 came to Bilibid. I wasn't lucky. There is a hell of a lot more mail somewhere that we aren't getting. Much picture taking by Japs to show "recreational" features and "fine" life we lead in Bilibid. On the same day, from over the wall we admit several prisoners out of their feet, starved to death and the victims

of the 3rd cave in at Nichols field brought to hospital, including the 3rd death. They make the prisoners dig deep shelving edges of rock which are bound to face periodically. Made out our mailing cards today. This time they are of a Geneva type as the of universal usage and allowed 50 word message. But when you consider the limited amount an uncommunicado group is allowed to say, 50 words is a lot of words. There is still much wonder whether they ever get anywhere. There is certainly plenty of reason for doubt.

July 22-43

We are at the height of our rainy season. Heavy incessantly--as dark during the day as at night. Very little light allowed us. Makes the days longer when you can't read nor write. Neither day nor night. Everything wet, soak, sloppy. Lot of w last couple of days. Have built a bahoy over my bed out of a shelter half and a poncho. But you can't do anything about the soggy clothes and net. Everything smells sour. The sun that we curse most of the year is the one thing that permits life to go on in these latitudes. A few months without it and one realizes it. Very depressing. Sort of makes it doubly bad to have to coldly analyze the war situation today and tighten up the beet and lay plans for a campaign to survive against prison odds for at least another eight months--and probably longer. The rainy season is a bad time to have to make that conclusion but that's the situation as it presents this day. Theres nothing to be done about it except see it as it is, accept it, and take it--but they can't make me like it. The broadcast as rewritten by the Japs is more damning than we could have done. Sartin made the broadcast. Amer. people will know Japs wrote it. Havn't done so well last few days. Need action. My

spanish writing fails to interest me. Can't get going.

S.M. or R. contacted me yesterday. First time in long while. Situation tight. Two Army nurses went Psycho at San Tomas. Now in mental hospital. Made a return contact. Good for either one. Expect to hear more soon. May mean a steady channel.

Conditions in Manila not good for the Projap element. Rojas definitely killed. L still may die. Jesus died after being stabbed. The Jap officer and officials do not go out much at night and there is a general expectancy of an outbreak of the populice. Machine guns are placed thruout the city and watches are maintained on all high buildings to look out for large gatherings at any point in the city. The military Gov. announces that gun toting will be punished by a punishment "worse than death."

July 24/43

) Barometer continues with a low glass and the rains are torrential. Several more prisoners arrived from the Gestapo today and placed in solitary confinement. These have never been in a prison camp before. They have rounded up a bunch of Americans and placed them in San Tomas. These are Americans who have never been interned before. Not so good for them, of course, but understand. Chambers came over today and we talked over the last days of fighting on Corregidor and compared notes. He had a provisional company out there in the East sector all during the fighting and did a swell job. We took a slug out of his neck on the morning of May 6 at the end of the fighting. Am planning to operate him soon for a double hernia.

A few more radiograms came in today via Geneva. Chambers got one. Dated May this year.

A little stymied today when the Japs asked for a list of every American who didn't have any life insurance stating that a beneficiary was to be given by them as "the Red Cross" was going to give them a \$5000 policy." What Red Cross? And how? And for what? Well, they won't explain as usual.

Aug 1-43

Rains continuing well drenched and saturated by now. A world of moss and mildew. The pressure is on. They are giving us the squeeze. A mental case communicated with the outside there one of the guards and got caught. Group punishment as usual. Reprimands assume insulting remarks, the few who were allowed to send money to dependants in San Tomas denied that privilege, outside bango in spite of rain, increased guards and bango restrictions, more officer attention from Headquarters. The more serious matter however, they threaten to discontinue our privilege of supplementing our general issue diet by commissary buying. This is serious. Nobody could, or will survive long on the ration supplied us by the Japanese. Of course, the loss of our privilege to buy a few extra articles is bound to go. It is just a question of how long we can st off the day. An incident is bound to occur sometime in a camp of this size. If no incident occurs, one will be made. The absurdity of going thru motions of paying us 25 Pesos monthly and then not allowing us to spend it for extra food becomes self evident except to the stupid. From the present trend the value of 25 Pesos is negligible anyhow. Duck eggs now 25 Centavos each--lowly but so valuable mongo beans now 60 P's a bag. Batanjes black coffee 5 P's 60 a kilo. Civilian natives outside in Manila complain they can afford nothing

but rice. They are reduced in clothing to where nobody wears any shoes but clackers and no stockings. Public entertainments are postponed because of bad weather--no transportation to get them anywhere. The local papers daily reveal the cries and weeps of the people in the "Open Forum" column. Inflation with Bayonet Money has put the place in a bad way. More su . Sartin and Joses notified by Nogi and Yakasiji that they are to attend "dinner party" in front building. One other to attend to be nominated as "man who has done best work." ~~Games~~ was nominated. Two others to be present--(probably Haas and Schweitzer,) to be nominated by Nogi. The reason, occasion, significance, all in realm of speculation.

Insulin was asked for to treat our diabetics and enough to control them for 1 mo. asked for. Nogi brought in some yesterday and Yak. translates, as follows: "Dr. Nogi orders give 10 U daily each case." A good example of medical knowledge and judgement generally evacuated. Mr. Jeselin should note.

News reaching us seems to indicate Italy has folded, and general allied programs. We feel the wrath of the Axis as allied advances continue. Looks like a tough winter for us as well as Germany. Home sick as hell. This rain doesn't help any. One can save up for a week and there maybe have a Carnival Day and give, and give, and give.

Moral and spirits get pretty low sometimes. My spanish story I am writing fails to engross me. I am not sublimating as well as I used to. Bad dreams, tough days and nights. But I guess all things like this must be---with each great victory.